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As here appeares; For this Physiognomie
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Learning and love of Arts; So who this Looke
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Select and choice

POEMS

Collected out of the

LABOURS

OF

CAPTAIN

George Wharton.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joseph Blaiklock*, at the signe of the Turks Head in *Ivy-Lane*. 1661.

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The continued Loyalty of (that eminent Sufferer for the *Good Old Cauſe* of his Majeſty)

Captain George Wharton.

FRom the year 1642, untill the ſurrender of *Oxford*, this Loyal-minded Perſon was actually in the Service of his late Royal Majeſty of glorious Memory: being ſometimes Comptroller of his Majeſties Train of Artillery, and Captain of a Troop of Horſe, which he raiſed at his own coſts and charges. And then, there being nothing more to be done (the unhappy Wars now brought to a period) he came to *London* upon the benefit of the *Oxford*-Articles; where long he had not been, but he was neceſſitated to drink deep of the Cup of ſorrow, providence had provided for the Royal Party; *being* (as himſelf in *Hemer.* 1651. ſaith) *conſtantly at the pleaſure of the then power, ſubject to be turn'd out of Town, to graze upon the Common, clap't up in Priſons to ſtudy the generation of Nits and Lice; or neceſſitated to ſuch a Helliſh kind of living, as nothing but Bats and Owls and Cavaliers could poſſibly endure.* And he (as having more enemies, and thoſe more miſchievous then many other Perſons of that Party) was more narrowly

ſearcht after; and at the laſt, *viz.* in 1648. (by ill fortune) diſcovered; and when once in hold, the famous Jayls of *Newgate, the Gatehouſe, and Windſour-Caſtle*, began to be as commonly known to him, as if a Priſon had been all the Portion he (in this world) could probably expect. However, once it was his good hap to eſcape; and being at liberty, he writ his *Bellum Hibernicale, Merlini Anglici Errata*, &c. wherein he roundly and fearleſly corrected the errors of ſome that were the Parliaments hirelings to abuſe the King and his Party, under pretence of Aſtrology: But Liberty being a thing too precious for him long to enjoy, in thoſe cloudy and Tyrannical times, he was at length retaken: and for ten or twelve yeers together, was ſeldom half a year from being under reſtraint, until this time *of the happy Reſtoration of his glorious Majeſty King CHARLS the Second, unto his three Kingdoms of* England, Scotland *and* Ireland.

But notwithſtanding his conſtant ſufferings, and their frequent impriſoning of his body, his more noble part was always free: and, as he had opportunity, he did ſignifie to the world his Loyal affections to His Sacred Majeſty and his Cauſe, in ſeveral Books of his, which (that the world may ſee, there have been ſome men like ſturdy Oaks, that could never be ſhaken or brib'd to perjury) I ſhall (with other curious pieces of his wit) preſent unto the Reader. That the lively Copy of a truly Loyal ſubject may not be buryed in Oblivion, but be brought to light afreſh, for the encouragement of others to perſevere according to Allegiance, in Loyalty, Duty and Obedience.

IN his Loyal Almanack for 1650. being the next opportunity of the Preſs he had, after the Bloody Murther of His ſacred Majeſty of bleſſed memory, Charles *the Firſt; he hath theſe ſeveral ſignal ſparks of Loyalty following.*

1. He begins---with—— *Liber Lectori.*

Touch me not, Traytor! For I have a Sting
For all, but ſuch as love and ſerve the King.
I am no Temporiſt: Nor can I brooke
The Pocket of a *Bradſhaw* (a), *Steel*, or *Cooke*;
Or any Regicide that liveth: I
Diſdain all Harbours of Diſloyalty.
VRANIA is Divine! and (to be clear)
I ſerve no Mortal, but the *CAVALIER.*
If then thou be'ſt not one, pray let me lie,
Until thou canſt affect, as well as buy.

(a) Bradſhaw *the bold Villaine that ſentenced His late ſacred Majeſty to Death* Steel, *one appointed to draw up the Charge againſt him, but by reaſon of ſickneſs was abſent.* Cooke, *the Villaine that ſollicited the whole Villainy, and pray'd the pretended Court to murther his Soveraign.*

2. *Under the Table of Kings, &c. having placed therein K.* Charles *the Second, he writes*——

Let ſuch as *Booker* cringe unto a State,
And leave a Blank where I have rank'd a King:
'Tis far below my Quill to calculate
The ſpurious birth of that prodigious thing.
For maugre all its Acts, and damned Art,
Still *Charles the Second*'s Monarch of my Heart.

3. *Under the Table of Terms, &c.*

Thus ſhould the Terms begin and end, if we
Were not controll'd by Traytors Tyranny:
But ſince they may adjourn, or vote them down,
My Rule's not certain, whilſt they rule the Town.

4. *In* January *(having put the Decollation of His Royal Majeſty, and the Arch-Biſhop of* Canterbury *in Red Letters, that the Cruelty of thoſe Actions might more eminently appear) he writes--*

Behold thoſe Crimſon Veins! *England*, lament!
Nay, curſe the Authors of thy Diſmal Fate:
But doat no longer on a Parliament,
Nor be ambitious to be hight a State:
Since in this Month thoſe Tyrants hewed down,
In *Laud*, the Mitre; in bleſt *Charles*, the Crown.

5. In *February*.

Lo here again two Martyrs on a tree
[*Burleigh* and (*a*) *Beaumont*] baſely put to death;
That, for attemping's Soveraign to free:
This, that he would not (Saintlike) break his faith:
Look to it *Wild*, and *Lambert*! there's a ſeaſon
Heav'n will revenge this blood, reward your treaſon.

(a) *Thoſe two worthy perſons were murthered in the month* February, *though in different years*, viz. 1. 1647. *the* 2. 1648.

6. In

6. In *March.*

Yet, yet, the thirſty Saints howle out for blood;
Brave (b) *Capel! Cambridge, Holland*, all muſt die;
The firſt, 'cauſe he for's King and Country ſtood;
They, 'cauſe they would, and yet would not comply.
——! They found thy mercy and fair-quarter
Flat cruelty — But *Capel* is the Martyr.

(b) *Thoſe* 3 *worthies were for their Loyalty murthered*, March 9. 1648.

7. In *April.*

The lofty Saints, their proweſs now to ſhow,
And make their fame float with the ſpreading main;
Vouchſafe this month, to let great *London* know,
They durſt encounter boyes as well as men.
For lyon-like (c) th'apprentices they ſlay,
But what cannot reſiſt, is Aſſes prey.

(c) April 9. 1648. *there were ſeveral Apprentices*, &c. *kill'd in the ſtreets.*

8. In *May.*

Now wiſe and noble (d) *Strafford*, (e) *Yeomans*, *Bow-*
And (f) *Kemiſh* (in cold blood) reſign to fate: (*cher*,
The *Surrey* ſuppliants too, they baſely Butcher,
As trivial objects of their rage and hate.
Their blood cries ſtill aloud: may it do ſo,
Till Hea'vn avenge it on his barb'rous fo.

(d) *The E. of* Strafford *was beheaded*, May 12. 1641. (e) *Mr.* Yeoman *and Mr.* Bowcher *put to death* May 30. *at* Briſtol 1643. (f) *Sir.* Nich. Kemiſh *put to death at* Chepſtow, May 25. 1648.

9. In *June*.

The Loyal *(g)* Kentiſhmen are Murdred next,
They would petition for, and have a KING:
What diſobedient things were they, that vext,
And ſo diſtu b'd the States new-modelling?
Petitioning's the birth-right of the Saints;
They muſt be heard, but will hear no complaints.

(a) June 2. 1648. *The Kentiſhmen murdered for preſuming ſo much as to petition for a* KING.

10. In *July*.

So *Tompkins*, *(h) Challoner*, and that brave ſoul!
[*Francis* Lord *(i) Villiers*] in this month expir'd.
The cauſe the Kings: A crime moſt deadly foul,
'Gainſt thoſe pure creatures, which the Crown aſpir'd;
Nor do thoſe Saints diſtinguiſh cruelty:
'Tis Juſtice (right or wrong) how e'er we dy.

(h) *Mr.* Tompkins *and Mr.* Challoner *put to death at* London, July 4. 1643. (i) Francis *Lord* Villiers *ſlain at* Kingſton, July *the* 7. 1648.

11. In *Auguſt*.

Who loves true worth, and grutcheth it to pay,
A tear for valiant *Lucas*, and ſtout *Liſle*?
Or why behoves it not, that-------pray
Their blood may not ſubmerge this ſinful Iſle?
His Mercy's murder; honour, breach of truſt:
Good God reward him as he's baſe, thou Juſt!

1648. Auguſt. 8. *Sir* Charles Lucas *and Sir* George Liſle *ſhot to death at* Colcheſter, *after quarter given.*

12. In *September.*

The laſt of Treaties in this month begun,
And promis'd fair, untill the men of War,
Dreading a peace, ſurpriz'd our Riſing-Sun,
And dragg'd him to th'illegal new-found Bar
Of bondage. The next treaty they ſhall ſee
Will be through halters at the Gallow-tree.

Auguſt 18. 1648. *The treaty in th'Iſle of Wight began.*

13. In *October.*

What blood was ſhed at *Baſing*, after they
Had ſpent their fury, with their pois'nous breath:
And wanted ſtrength unto their wills to ſlay,
But promis'd quarter! let the harmleſs earth
It fell on, witneſs! may it ne'er forſake
That tincture, untill Heav'n enquiry make.

Baſing *houſe taken by ſtorm, and after quarter was promiſed many were murdered*, October. 14 1645.

14. In *November.*

Next, *Kniveton*'s life their rage muſt ſatisfie,
For meer obedience to his Soveraigns will:
Who ſent him meſſenger; yet like a Spie,
They take, adjudge him, and his blood they ſpill.
Did ever *Turks*, or *Pagans* violate
The Law of Nations, like this lawleſs State?

Mr. Dan. Kniveton *put to death for his loyalty, on* Nov. 27. 1643. *at* London.

15. In *December.*

Stout (k) *Pitcher's* murder'd. *Carew*, who did praiſe
A ſervants treachery unto his King:
Lo! for reward his ſervant him betrays
Unto the block, a bloody-offering.
What grief it was, that when he did return,
It could not be, but by a ſhameful urne!

(k) *Major* Pitcher *ſhot to death in St.* Pauls *Church-yard for being loyal*, Decem. 29. 1648. *Sir* Alex. Carew *beheaded* Decem. 23. 1644. *for the ſame crime.*

And for a Concluſion to this Heroick Piece of Loyalty, he writ the following Epiſtle by way of Poſt-ſcript.

To the High and Mighty, the Tyrants Triumphant at *Weſtminſter.*

Gentlemen

I Cannot call you, ſince you drench'd your Hands in His Blood, who was the Fountain of all our earthly Honour, and Happineſs, the Life and Light of the Land. (*Hoc ſcelus Abyſſus, & ex Abyſſu natum.*) Nor *Country men*, who have (ſo *Nero*-like) inhumanely ripp'd up the Bowels of your Natural Mother, and expoſed her Nakedneſs to the view of the pitileſs world. (*Si hi Sancti, qui Scythæ? Si hi Chriſtiani, qui Cannibales?*) For certainly none of you are of the right Engliſh race, in that all of you degenerate ſo far from the true Engliſh Nature,

Facta

Facta hæc Anglia olim, nec Sancta, nec Ethnica novit.

Or if you be; the moſt prodigious Monſters that ever the Earth groaned under: in whoſe proditorious breaſts, the Spirits of all expired Traytors, by a kind of Pythagorical Tranſmigration, are encloſed. ---Let after-ages impoſe a name ſuitable to your merits, for ſurely this cannot. In the interim, it ſhall ſuffice me: you know whom I ſpeak to; and that I ſpeak what I know.

From year to year I have fore-warned you of judgements threatned and impending, for your horrible impieties. And tho' gh I had been ſilent, yet methinks the general fate of all Rebellions (eſpecially ſuch as this is) that ſums up all *Items*, in this Total [*The Barbarous Murder of Gods Anoynted!*] had been enough to inform what you might truſt to; but that 'tis too apparent we are wheel'd about to thoſe times, wherein Sacriledge is counted Reformation; Rebellion, Devotion; Murther, Juſtice: and Traytors conſecrated Saints and Martyrs.

——— Vis proditoria nomine vocatur Novo,
Angligina Virtus.

I have cordially wiſh'd, and ſeriouſly begg'd, you would have returned to your priſtine Obedience: as the ſureſt ſtep, to make your ſelves, your children, and all of us happy. But I found your conſciences were ſear'd, your ſoules flatter'd with ambitions dreams; and charms of heightned pride had mounted you, *Icarus*-like, too near the Sun: which ever goeth before deſtruction.

And indeed, you have not bin more *Turk-like* tempted with ſucceſs in your Actions (from which you ſtill concluded

cluded, though very weakly, that GOD owned your Cause) then Heaven hath been merciful (I may say) in tempting you with so large a time of Repentance. But sithence you have despised the Mercy, and neglected the Opportunity; it is to be feared, the Mercy, and time of the Mercy, are both forfeited.

For, I will not search into the secret Will of God: so far as 'tis manifested either in his Word, or Works, shall satisfie me: and by their Rules (if I understand either) your Commonwealth, together with your selves, are (even now) falling to nothing. This I write in Charity to you, to the end, that (although you have no hopes to escape a Temporal, yet) your endeavours may be to avoid the Eternal punishment due to your wickedness: And that's as much as can be desired, or pray'd for, by,

SIRS,

The Admirer of your Treason and Tyranny,

George Wharton.

For the writing of this Almanack he suffered exceedingly; and was, by imprisonment, made incapable of every thing that might probably assist him through his earthly Pilgrimage: and was now so closely looked after, that he durst not write again; neither could he be permitted

ted that Liberty, until it pleaſed God to put it into the mindes of his Adverſaries, to releaſe him upon promiſe to live quietly. And then in his Almanack 1651. for his Peaceable living, he moſt ingenuouſly Apologizeth thus:

To you ſowre Criticks, that By-ſtanders are,
Viewing the Gameſters, (playing foul or fair)
And by the ſtroaks of your defining Will,
Save whom you fancy; thoſe you do not, kill:
To you, grave Chair-men (whoſe attentive ear
Hears all you can, believes all true you hear,
And think the Roy'liſts cannot real be,
Until a Rope conclude their Deſtinie)
Send I theſe Lines: To let you underſtand,
I live as well b' Example, as Command:
And that, whate'er you judge herein amiſs,
Conformable to your own Practice is.
The Prelates quit their Sleeves of Lawn, and all
The Hierarchy their Coats Canonical,
And live diſguis'd, as if they were none ſuch,
That e'er laid claim to Tythes, or Chriſtian-Church.
Why may not I as well diſguiſed be,
As they, or rather their Divinity?
The high-born Houſe of Lords * themſelves, ſubmit
Their Perſons, Honours, Magazines of Wit:
Sure I (who am but duſt and aſhes) then,
May do as much as thoſe Almighty-Men.

* *Some Lords, after their Houſe was voted uſeleſs, very contentedly turn Commoners.*

The new-conforming Garter-Knight, that erſt
Hung's Watchet Ribbon o'er his amorous breſt,

Thinks

Thinks it far better (now the King is dead)
To lay't aside, then lay aside his head.
Why may not I some crimson Lines leave out,
To save my ankles from the Prison-gout?
The subtile Lawyer holds it not amiss
He paraphrase on Ambiguities;
And (though he scarce the Latine understand)
To write CUSTODES in a texted-hand.
Why might not I (though not for dirty gain)
Write as he writes? Will such Ink ever stain?
——, when he found the Presbyters decay,
Streight leaves his scribling-humour, to obey.
What if from scribling (too) *I* deign to cease?
Do *I* ought more then all that live in Peace?
Nay, *Lilburn* (that prodigious Combatant)
Held it not safe perpetually to rant:
For he (once quitted from the dreadful Rope)
Waves *Magna Charta*, falls a boyling soap.
I've scap't the Halter twice, as well as he:
What if *I* now resolve to live as free?
Compounders (some) not onely Pay, but Swear;
Might *I* not Promise that *I* would forbear?
The brave secluded Member, that needs must
Revile the Army, doom the State to dust,
Observe him but, (now he is all to bits)
How penitent, how patiently he sits!
The parboyl'd-Citizen, who ne'er would do
Scarce what an Ord'nance did enjoyn him to;
See how obsequiously he trots about,
To finde both Old and New-Malignants out!
The Wary-High-Shooe, who so idoliz'd
The Covenant, that equally he priz'd
It with his Bible; Lo, but how he bows
Before th'Engagement, to secure his Cows!

Now (*Zoilus*) tell me, whether 'tis more fit
I ſacrifice my folly, or ſubmit?
Theſe times afford few Martyrs, and thoſe few
Scant would be Martyrs, if they could eſchew.
The Clergy heretofore ate all the Cake,
They ſtill uſurp'd the glory of the Stake;
And ſhould (methinks) if all be true they ſay,
Lead us as well to ſuffer, as to pray.
But now (alas!) their Zeal's congeal'd to Ice,
Obedience they prefer to Sacrifice;
And want not Scripture-texts more then enough,
Which warrant them to thraſh as well as plough.
Had *F O X* but writ his Volumes in this Age,
His Book of Martyrs had not fill'd a Page:
England (I fear) would ſcarce have ſpar'd him one
Old *Latimer*, to make a Martyr on.
Indeed they tell's what New *Jeruſalem*'s,
And how 'tis pav'd with Pearls, and precious Gems;
Blaming us much, we freely leave not this
Courſe Clay, for a Cœleſtial Paradiſe.
Yet when a doughty Prieſts unhallow'd Gums
Suſtain one rotten Tooths-ach, how he fumes
And froths! and if a Feaver do but ſtrike him,
What Peaſant powts, and pants, or pineth like him!
O for a Doctor then! Bridle the Horſe,
And haſte the Clerk away-----He's worſe and worſe!
Alas! the Doctor comes not! O, quoth he,
Would God reſtore me but, then he ſhould ſee----
But what? Be ſure no minde he has to Death,
The Parſon's heart's faſt chained to the Earth:
He bleſſes *Heav'n* for's laſt nights *Requiem*,
But has no thoughts of *New Jeruſalem*.
Miſtake me not: For I include not here,
The Reverend Doctors of the Holy-Chair;

Nor

Nor yet the meaneſt of that Sacred-Quire,
Whoſe Service at the Altar is entire:
To them I bow, and willingly make their's,
The tythe (at leaſt) of all my dayly Pray'rs.
No, I intend the thred-bare Motley-Coat,
Which makes the Pulpit, but a Juglers-throat,
And can from thence (t'enfatuate Mankinde)
Diſgorge both fire and water at a winde;
Yet (were it to preſerve the World) not dye
Ought but his Stockings, prate he ne'er ſo high.
I ſay, 'tis him I mean; for he I look
Will be the looſe-Surveyor of my Book.
" Deal gently (good Sir-*John*) and do not quack,
" Live elſe the Subject of mine Almanack.

In Hemeroſc. 1652. *this Learned and Loyal Perſon wrote theſe ſeveral witty Verſes following.*

1. *Under the Table of Kings.*

When *Romes* perverſe and giddy Multitude
Diſſolv'd (in *Tarquin*) their Great Monarchy;
To doom the Act UNNATURAL and RUDE,
('Tis ſaid) *A Serpent Barked:* But when We
Diſſolved Ours, (ſo were they overcome (dumb.
With Pannique fear!) both Men and Beaſts were

2. *Under his Moveable-Feaſts.*

Thoſe Feaſts were once held ſacred amongſt Men:
Old Folks may live to ſee them ſo agen.

2. *Un-*

3. *Under the Table of Terms.*

The Law is good, and needs no Reformation;
It takes no Bribes, nor ſleeps a long Vacation:
Delays no Suits, diſdains not to imbrace
A *John-an-Oaks*, or *John-a-Styles* his Caſe:
Yet, ſince the Pilots's dead *, and ſtorms do threat,
(Rocks being near) the Wreck muſt needs be great.

* *Meaning* King CHARLES the Firſt, *our late Dread Soveraign.*

4. In *February.*

Mars throws his Knapſack by, and ſtoutly draws
His truſty Bilbo, to preſcribe us Laws.
Jove, claims his Priviledge; and *Mars*, his Pow'r:
Both wrangle * hard, and each on other lowre.
At length *Jove* yeilds, and *Mars* aſſumes the Chair,
Votes his own Perſon Noble; Doings, Fair.

* Mars *this Month, being in* Aries, *caſt a* Quartile *to* Jupiter *in* Capricorn.

5. In *May.*

A Zealous Month (or ſo it doth appear)
Compoſed all of love, and Bottle-beer:
But whilſt the * Shepherd's abſent, or aſleep,
The ravenous Wolves devoure the ſilly ſheep:
London! beware of Fire, and Beaſts of prey,
And ſomething elſe; But what, I will not ſay.

* *Meaning our now Gracious and Dread Soveraign Lord, King* Charles *the Second.*

6. In *October.*

Swords now grow dull, and Heads are gravely toſt,
To balance what is gain'd with what is loſt:
To find out how and where the danger lies,
To eſtimate old ſtores, with new ſupplies:
W'are now at leiſure to attend the knocks
Of Sir *John Levite*, in his Jugling-Box.

7. *In November.*

What loud Diſſention's this we ſoftly hear
And dread, 'twixt *Saturn* and his Councellor?
Who's that gives back? What Jovial Fools are they
Muſt needs command, before they can obey?
"Divide and rule, is *Machiavils:* Take heed!
"For though he dy'd long ſince, here's yet his ſeed.

This moneth there was a Trine of the Planets Saturn *and* Mercury, *from* Cancer *and* Scorpio.

8. *In December.*

The firſt Eclipſe *, next moneth doth take effect,
And *Jove* (o) and *Mars* move now in dire Aſpect:
Whence the malicious Changling-Brotherhood
Of ſniveling Mock-Prieſts, that cry'd out for Blood,
Shall ſurely feel (though yet they will not ſee)
The full-grown-fruits of their Apoſtacy.

* *Meaning the Eclipſe of the Moon, that happened in* Libra *on* March *the fifteenth day, this year.*
(o) Jove *and* Mars *this moneth were in* Quartile *Aſpect.*

In

In Hemeroſc. 1653. *this worthy Artiſt wrote theſe ſeveral Verſes following.*

1. *Of the Vulgar Accounts, Notes and Feſtivals.*

The Chriſtians of the Eaſt and Greek Church, do number

	Years.
From the Creation unto this preſent year	7161
The Jews, Hebrews, and latter Rabbines	5413
Ergo, they differ in their Computation	1748

Heavens direct us! what a Difference here's,
[Full ſeventeen hundred forty twice four years:]
Whoſe Reck'ning ſhall we truſt? or ſhall we wait,
Till ſome New-Prophet riſe, and calculate
The year? [That year which Saints in Heav'n not ſcan,
Yet needs muſt be confin'd by prying-Man!]
But if nor Jews, nor Chriſtians can it find,
If *Plato* ſaw not, ſurely they are blind.

The Chriſtian *Abyſſines* and *Egyptians*, from the *Diocleſian Æra*, or that of Martyrs, 1369

Thus rots that Tyrant: And may all the ſame,
Who act like Cruelty, yet hate the Name.

The *Saracens* and *Turks* from *Hegira*, or the flight of their Prophet *Mahomet*. 1063

The *Turks* are very holy in their way;
They preach, give Alms, and moſt devoutly pray;

And live in hope: Our *Zelots* do no more,
Unleſs to over-do, and ne'er give o'er.
Had we been born in *Turkie*, we ſhould ſet
As great a rate on Raſcal-*Mahomet*,
As *Turks* themſelves: If they in *England*, then
We had been all alike [Good Chriſtian-Men.]
" 'Tis Birth and Education, which doth make
" Religion: that which ſeals it, is, the ſtake.

The Aſtronomers from *Nabonaſſarus* (of Egyptian years, conſiſting each of 365 days) 2401.

They (of all others) can account the beſt,
Yet are accounted of, but like the reſt:
The ſnarling Prieſt (who Numbers never knew,
More then to tythe his Pigs, or whence they grew;
But like the *Alewife*, chalks behinde the door,
And ſets even Chriſt and *Moſes* on the ſcore)
Gains more belief in ſtriving how to bribe
Our Reaſon, then do all that learned Tribe.
But know (fond Men) the Bible was not writ
For you to draw Chronologies from it:
To prop up faction, warrant Breach of Laws,
Abſolve from Oaths, and chain us to your Cauſe;
To teach Men Trades, or Sciences, or Arts:
'Twas made to rectifie and ſteer our Hearts.
" Wretched thoſe ſouls, who thus (by you) are fed
" With Tares and Husks, inſtead of heav'nly Bread.

From the Death of *Alexander* the Great, 1976

He who conquered all the ſpacious earth,
Was conquered himſelf for want of breath:

He

He that (whilst living) could endure no bound,
Rests now contented with six foot of ground.
" His Birth, his Valour, his Exploits and Glory,
" All tumbled in a heap of Doubtful Story.
Even so at length (Great * Conqu'rours) shall you be
O'er-come, confin'd, as close, as low as he.
Ten thousand Armies strength will not defend:
Your Conquests, and your selves must have *An End*,
Nor can they yeild you comfort when you die,
Be'ng nothing but a splendid Robbery.

* *This was purely Prophetical, and is now most happily verified.*

Since the *Julian* Institution, 1698
Since the *Gregorian* Emendation, 71

Our State have been reforming twelve long years,
The Church, Court, Country, City, (Hair and Ears:)
Should they the English Kalendar omit,
'Twill be forgot when they begun to sit:
Ages to come, who thirst to celebrate
Their famous Deeds, shall find them without date;
And know no more when *CHARLES* or *Strafford* dy'd,
Then some, When Christ was born, or crucifi'd.
Perhaps mistake the Persons with the Times,
Finding so like, their Suff'rings, and their Crimes.

2. *Under the Feasts and Fasts.*

VVhat Changlings were the Presbyterian-Crew,
VVho pull'd old Crosses down, to set up new!
And burnt Christs Picture, whilst they did embrace
Those Antique Draughts of *Calamy* and *Case*

That durſt adventure on ſuch dangerous ſhelves,
As to un-Saint th'Evangeliſts themſelves:
And leave us not a Feſtival, beſide
VVhat they ſo called, and had ſanctifi'd.
But Heav'n is juſt: For, lo! they're forc'd to bow;
The Synod's down, and ſtinking-Elders too:
" Onely they bark at Moon-ſhine, now and then,
" To witneſs they are Dogs more like, then Men.

3. *Under the Kings*, &c.

I've ſaid y' are Gods: Who dare you Tyrants call,
Since (Good or Bad) y' are his Vice-gerents all?
But you ſhall die like Men: This, I allow;
For Men muſt die: ſo did our Saviour too.
" VVhen once the Rulers, Prieſts, and People cry,
" *Away with him, Pilate* muſt crucifie.

4. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Lawyers prefer the ſharpeſt Laws, as beſt
To keep a Commonwealth in Peace and Reſt:
If ſo, why ſhould thoſe Gown-men Frown and Puff,
To ſee the Courts of Juſtice lin'd with Buff?
" No Plea ere moved as a Sword can do;
" For that o'er-ruleth Judge and Jury too.

5. *In January.*

VVelcome, ye pregnant times! whilſt you ſhall be
As croſs to ſome, as they were curs'd to me:

Welcome,

VVelcome, prodigious Births! wherein appear
No fewer Monſters, then are days i'th' year:
Thrice welcome are ye! For y'are none of mine:
A Poets iſſue, is, A Princely Line.

6. *In February.*

Diſturbed Heav'ns produce diſturbed Fates;
Confuſed Councils, more confuſed States.
A Quarter-witted Clergy half undone,
Their Grand Impoſtures, clear, as is the Sun:
Whence Giddy * Zealots take the Craft in hand,
And breath a holy-madneſs through the Land.

* *We have had Preachers of all ſorts and ſizes in this age of Liberty and Licentiouſneſs.*

7. *In the moneth May.*

VVhither an Army now? VVell! I could ſay
VVho 'tis will get, or who ſhall looſe the day:
Thraſillus-like inform you, who ſhall prove
Victorious in's Ambition, who in's Love:
But I am ſilent; Nay, I muſt be dumb;
'Tis TREASON now to pray, *Thy Kingdom come.*

8. *In November.*

The Nation mourns becauſe of monſtrous Oaths:
Her ſcarlet ſins, cauſe want of Bread and Cloathes:
Diſeaſes rage, and ſtrongly multiply;
Our New-Republick's ſick, and like to die.

London bewailes, beſhrews her lewd pretence,
Of begging for a Poſture of Defence.

9. *Where ſpeaking of the Mutations of Empires, Kingdoms and Commonwealths, he pithily concludes.*——

Thus Changes come, thus Changes will enſue,
(Till theſe corrupted bodies change for new,
And put on incorruption) Men and Things,
VVhole Countries, Cities, Beggars, Princes, Kings:
He who but lately wore a Crown of Gold,
Crown'd now with thorns, exil'd, or baſely ſold:
He clad in rags, and fed with ſcraps before;
Now, thron'd in's ſtead, and ſurfeiting with ſtore:
A glorious Church and Kingdom, but to day;
To morrow, both the VVolf and Foxes Prey.
The Learned Lawyer, Orthodox Divine,
Once high eſteem'd, now rank'd with filthy ſwine:
The Hoſpitable Lord erſt fed the Poor,
And cloath'd the naked, nak'd turn'd out of door:
His ſorrowing VVife, and helpleſs Children gone
To try their Friends, perhaps be frowned on;
And he in's hoary-age Petition, bare,
Thoſe that his Grooms (at beſt) but lately were:
The Fool in's Coat, the VViſe-man in his Chair.
Th' Indulgent Father, and the Hopeful Heir:
The griping Landlord, and the greedy Clown,
The glittering Tiſſue, and the gray-friz'd Gown;
The Roſy-Cheeke, and the unfurrowed Brow,
The Freckled VVainſcot-Face, that milks the Cow;
The Flowry Bride (girt with chaſte thoughts about)
VVill all once changed be; their Lamps muſt out:

Nay,

Nay, Heav'n it ſelf grows old, and will away:
It had a Birth, and ſhall a dying day.
All, all to change and diſſolution tend;
Poor Almanacks, ev'n they, muſt have an end.

In Hemeroſ. 1654. *this ingenious Perſon wrote theſe following Heroick Verſes.*

1. *Of the Feaſts, &c.*

Go ring the Bells, let Prieſts and People pray;
I know no Treaſon in a Holy-Day.

2. *Over the Table of Kings, &c.*

Here ſtands the Regal Table, ſtill it be
Convict and Baniſh'd for Malignancy.

Under the Kings.

Call me no more Malignant, ſince the Tearm
Hath *Hydra's* Head; I *Hercules* his Arm:
And (though no God, nor worſhipped at *Tyre*)
Remember yet great *Jupiter's* my Sire.
Let States and Kingdoms whirle; mine ſhall not fall,
Except (when time is done) this Globe and all.
So Wolf and Lamb ſalute! the firſt for blood,
The ſecond to be offer'd for our good.

3. *Over the Terms.*

Thus may the Terms begin, thus may they end:
As yet we know not what we do intend.

Under the Terms.

Friends! send your Sons no more to th' Inns of Court,
But breed them Souldiers, Men of loud Report:
So need they fear no rude Return of words
Or Writs, nor yet Exception 'gainst their Swords:
So shall their Terms be never out of Date,
Nor liable to change, but with the State:
So may they chuse the trade most profit brings,
Set up or Lawyers, Priests, or Petit Kings.

4. *In January.*

Now *CHARLES* is dead, the Senate in a ditty,
Sung in Wild Airs about the holy City;
The ill-got Lords made worse then Indian slaves,
And Priests (like Churches) hovering o'er their Graves.
Whose turn is next? speak you as may be free!
I dare not meddle with SUPREMACY.

5. *In Febriuary.*

Fetch Me a Ladder and a Broom, that I
May sweep the Cobwebbs from the azur'd skie;

Dispatch

Diſpatch the fumes that cloud the ſubtile Air,
And make the Heav'ns look Maiden-ſmooth and fair:
Elſe is that Roof too mean for thoſe that vie
With Gods themſelves for Crowns and Majeſty.

6. *In March.*

Juſtice now flows, and Righteouſneſs doth ſtream
Throughout the ſtreets; the Conduits run with Cream.
Our Virgins Lamps be full of holy Oyl,
Themſelves o'er-charg'd and ready to recoil:
Old men dream dreams, and young men viſions ſee:
Their cloven tongues are tip't with Propheſie.

7. *In April.*

Well fare Gay knacks, and men to change inclin'd;
They raiſe the duſt, and cloud the work deſign'd:
In gilded Roofs, who doubteth of deceit?
In troubled waters, who can ſee the Bait?
He that would cloſely bring great things about,
Muſt mud, as well as fiſh the Rabble-rout.

8. *In June.*

W'are all reform'd, and free as we were born,
Almoſt as naked too, much more forlorn:
The times are tyrannous, not men, for they
Have brought to paſs, what men b'aſham'd to ſay.
But (if one truth may ſlip my harmleſs Pen)
Times would be better, had we better men.

9. *In July.*

Sweet are the Sippets of a Diadem!
Shall Foraigners invade us, or we them?
Victors but once grown bouzy with ſucceſs,
Dream of nought elſe, but Gold and Glorioufneſs:
But we are lowly minded, and deſpiſe
All earthly ſubſtance, being heavenly-wiſe.

10. *In September.*

What fine new-nothing's this, that I eſpy,
A Sect, a Schiſme, or a Hereſie?
Or ſhall I Nick-nam't a Religion? Say!
No, 't reliſhes the ſober water-way:
Yet wants no fire to make the ſpirit beat,
Nor buckſome creatures to allay the heat.

11. *In October.*

Muſt Treaſurers account? 'tis fit they do:
(They ſhall in time make ſatisfaction too)
But thoſe (and other pious cheats we have)
Can quote us Scripture why they play the knave:
Religion is a cloak for all deceit,
And ſhrowds deſigns that be of greateſt weight.

12. *In November.*

Ho Presbyterians! Prick up your Ears,
Advance your Troops of jealouſies and fears:
Summon your Elders in their ſeveral Claſſes,
The Covenanters, Directory-Aſſes:
And tell me (now, your bloud & breath's nigh ſpent)
Where's one dares Fight for King and Parliament?

13. *In December.*

A bleſſing on the Commonwealth Affairs:
(May that green Lady never know gray Hairs)
Let's on with courage, and reſolve to do
Whate'er neceſſity compels us to.
So long as God's with us, what need we fear
Whoſe turn it is to reign another year?

In his Ephemeris 1655. *I find theſe ſeveral excellent Poems following.*

1. *Over the Feaſts.*

Lo, here the ſacred (Saint-offending) days,
Religion's outward worth and ſplendent rays:
Old truth's ſtrong evidence, motives to zeal,
Rich badges of a Chriſtian Commonweal:

Fair

Fair Hieroglyphicks of what we profeſs,
'Live ſhadows of eternal happineſs;
Laſting Records on earth, wherein even they
That w'ont be drawn to hearken what we ſay,
May by obſerving, only, what we do,
Read our Belief; and reading, do ſo too!

2. *Over the Table of Kings.*

Here's yet the Regal Table; who can tell
But 't may (by thus long proſtitution) ſwell?

Under the Table of Kings.

How! Tyrants all? what glory is't to be
Accounted Gods, if Gods of Tyranny?
'Tis ſtrange your conqueſts were not claim enough,
Yet ours (of one another) Goſpel-proof:
Either your Titles to the Crown were good,
Or ours (ſo myſtical) not underſtood.

3. *Over the Table of Terms.*

Away to *Weſtminſter*, and do not fear:
We will indulge ye yet another year.

Under the Table of Terms.

Go to, brave Hero's! and Abridge the Law,
[Teach (in Epitome) to Hang and Draw:]

Make

Make *Magna Charta* ſpeak us *Lilburn*-free,
That Treaſon which is writ without a T.
Correct old *Littleton*, and Print him New.
The Sword's one tenure, more, he never knew.

4. *In January.*

Rythm you whoſe meaſures charm you better luck;
I muſt be mute; my Muſe is Planet-ſtruck;
Her fancie's fetter'd, and her Ink is froze;
Complaint is made, her Pen's too broad at Noſe:
I'll to the VVoods, and find ſome Satyr out;
There's now no fellow to the Cloven-foot.

5. *In May.*

The Pole's perplexed, and the German dreads,
The horned Moon ſhould pierce the Eagle's heads:
Goths, Huns, and Vandals once had greateſt power;
The Tartars and the Turks have now much more.
If then ſucceſs be it which beſt depaints
A glorious Cauſe, Turks are the only Saints.

6. *In September.*

From th' honour of our ill-begotten Peers,
From the ſowre batch of jealouſies and fears,
From flouds of Orphans and poor VVidows tears,
From twice-ſix other over-tedious * years,
Good Lord deliver us. The Number Three
Hath always in it ſome high myſtery.

* O. Cromwel *the pretended Protector, and his pretended Parliament, had agreed together for Triennial Parliaments.*

7. *In*

7. *In December.*

Now *Falcifer*, *Gradivus* doth * oppoſe,
Then through the Virgin (Hobling backward) goes:
Hence th' waters are corrupted, Fiſhes die,
The earth is barren; a mortality
Afflicts the Land; *Mars* (a) rageth up and down,
Not quiet with, nor yet without a Crown.

* *There was then an oppoſition of* Saturn *and* Mars, *from* Virgo, *and* Piſces. (a) *The pretended Protectors Tyranny began now to be moſt notorious.*

In Hemeroſc. 1656. *are to be read theſe incomparable Pieces of Learning and Ingenuity.*

1. *I ſhall preſent you with his Chronologie, it being the laſt in Verſe, and the moſt compleat of all his others.*

	Years
Since all things were of God created good	5605
Since *Noah* aſcended th'Ark t'avoid the flood	3949
Since God the Promiſe made to *Abraham*	3583
Since th' *Iſraelites* from *Egypts* bondage came	3153
Since *Solomon* the Temple finiſhed	2669
Since King *Zedekias* a Captive led	2246

Since

Since JESUS of the bleſſed Virgin born 1656
Since for Mans ſins he ſuffered death and ſcorn 1623
Since *Ceſar's* force the Britains overthrew 1708
Since hence the Rav'nous Roman Eagle flew 1232
Since firſt the *Saxons* ſtept on Engliſh ground 1201
Since here the *Danes* the like advantage found 824
Since Norman *William* Britain over-powr'd 590
Since *Maud* the *Engliſh-Saxon* Blood reſtor'd 551
Since ſecond *Henry* Ireland firſt aſſayl'd 483
Since our firſt *Edward* hence the Jews expell'd 365
Since *Tyler's* Highneſs would the Throne aſcended 374
Since he his life (with his Rebellion) ended 374
Since Guns (thoſe mortal engines) firſt were found 276
Since Printing made the world with books abound 213
Since Proteſtants (by *Luther*) firſt ſo nam'd 127
Since *Loiola* the Jeſuites Order fram'd 116
Since *Ket* and's followers ſeduc'd the Nation 108
Since hang'd (upon the Tree of Reformation) 108
Since Kentiſh *Wiat* roſe againſt Queen *Mary* 102
Since with *Spain's Philip* ſhe did intermarry 102
Since *London* ſtreets by Coaches firſt moleſted 101
Since *Scotland* with *Geneva*-traſh infeſted 99
Since lightning laſt conſumed *Paul's* high ſpire 95
Since all the Heav'ns appeared on a fire 82
Since *Piercy* and great *Nevil's* Inſurrection 87
Since *Greſham* Colledge, and th'Exchange erection 85
Since *Drake* ſurrounded this our Globe of ſtrife 79
Since pious *Greſham* did exchange this life 77
Since *Saint Domingo* ranſack'd was by *Drake* 71
Since then the *Spaniards* did (nor fight, but) quake 71
Since *Zutphen*-ſiege our famous *Sydney* ſlew 70
Since Scotch Queen *Mary* bid the world adieu 69
Since boaſting *Spain's* Armado overthrown 68
Since th'Indian Weed was firſt in *England* known 65

Since

Since daring *Drake* and noble *Hawkins* di'd 61
Since *Cheapside*-Croſs moſt richly beautifi'd 60
Since *Cales* was from the *Spaniards* ſtoutly torn 60
Since *CHARLES* the firſt, to grief & ſorrow born 56
Since Learned *JAMES* the Engliſh Crown poſſeſt 54
Since he th' Allegiance Oath upon us preſt 54
Since Fate reveal'd the Puny Powder-Plot 51
Since firſt rejoyc'd for (now regarded not) 50
Since *Fred'rick Count* arriv'd on Engliſh earth 44
Since we bewail'd Heroick *HENRY*'s death 44
Since here (laſt) *Chriſtianus* (*Denmarks* King) 42
Since *Middleton*'s River brought from *Amwel*-ſpring 42
Since we *Bermudas* firſt inhabited 42
Since Learned *Rawleigh*'s noble Blood was ſhed 38
Since laſt a Comet in the *Scorpion* ſeen 38
Since that brought death to *Ann* (our *James*'s Queen) 37
Since *Charles* with cares as well as gold was crown'd 31
Since his fair Queen firſt trod on Engliſh ground 31
Since *Londons* laſt great Plague from Heaven ſent 31
Since then at *Oxford* ſate the Parliament 31
Since *Buckinghams* great Duke ſo baſely ſlain 28
Since *England* did conclude a Peace with *Spain* 27
Since living *Charles* firſt breath'd this loathſome air 26
Since Rev'rend *LAUD* began *St. Pauls* repair 22
Since the Late King advanc'd againſt the SCOT 17
Since Peace concluded (but intended not) 17
Since Wolves and Foxes firſt were idoliz'd 16
Since Learned *Straffords* Blood was ſacrific'd 15
Since Sects and Tumults ſet the Land on fire 15
Since the dead King was forced to retire 15
Since *Hotham* ſhut *Hull*-gates againſt the King 14
Since ruined for thoughts to let him in 12
Since we with *Eſſex* vow'd to live and die 14
Since we caſhier'd him (of his Excellency) 12

Since

Since *Charles* his Royal Standard ſtreaming ſtood 14
Since *Keinton*-field deep dy'd with Engliſh blood 14
Since *Cheapſide*-Croſs (for Conſcience ſake) did fall 13
Since *Moſes* Tables forc'd to give the wall 13
Since the Scotch Army marched to our aid 13
Since they return'd from *Hereford*, well paid 13
Since *Uxbridge* Overture's initiation 12
Since *Love* belcht firebrands that conſum'd the nation 12
Since firſt we felt the vertue of a Tax 12
Since glorious *Laud* triumphed o'er the Ax 12
Since Common-Prayers ceas'd (abjured rather) 12
Since the wiſe Synod voted God the Father 12
Since *Naſeby*-field firſt own'd that fatal blow 11
Since even poor women felt the overthrow 11
Since penſive *Charles* left *Oxford* (in diſguiſe) 10
Since he to treacherous Scots became a prize 10
Since *Henderſon* receiv'd his Mortal Wounds 10
Since Scotch-men ſold their Prince for Engliſh pounds 10
Since *Holmby*-houſe reſtrain'd his further flight 10
Since *Joyce* ſurpriz'd him in the dead of night 9
Since he had terms propos'd, and promis'd right 9
Since fairly juggl'd into th' Iſle of *Wight* 9
Since there the ſinful Treaty did commence 8
Since (broken off) he forthwith hurry'd thence 8
Since the old Commons took a purging doſe 8
Since *CHARLES* made truly great and glorious 8
Since they the Houſe of Lords did uſeleſs doom 8
Since Kingſhip dangerous and burthenſome 8
Since the Supremacy was Eaſtward bound 8
Since our Allegiance bury'd under ground 8
Since *CHARLES*'s Crown expoſed to a rate 8
Since *England* hight the Title of Free-State 7
Since *Scotland* taſted of Heav'ns ireful Cup 5
Since Engliſh Hogs ate our dear Brethren up 5

Since *Mars* unrooſted thoſe had twelve years rul'd 3
Since Madmen on their Ruines 'gan to build 3
Since that illiterate Conclave's Diſſolution 3
Since this (bleſt) Governments firſt Inſtitution 3

This is added out of his Ephemer. 1655.

Since Time was pregnant of a Lord Protector 2
Since ſhe brought forth a (more then Trojan) *Hector* 2
Since *London* feaſted him at Grocers Hall 2
Since *Viner* the firſt Knight (amongſt us all) 2
Since peace concluded with the High-born Dutch 2
Since the ſhrill Trumpet nois'd it to be ſuch 2
Since Knights and Burgeſſes their free Election 2
Since winnowed, and made of one complexion 2
Since they conven'd and ſate (with bleſt intent) 2
Since they preſum'd to tune the Inſtrument 2
Since found flat-guilty of that High-Ambition 2
Since taught the meaning of a Recognition 2
Since ſome (like Rats) forſook the falling Houſe 2
Since others (big with Mountains) dropt a Mouſe 2
Since the Protector ſet their ſins before them 2
Since he diſſolved (never to reſtore) them 1
Since Noble *James* (the Duke of *Lenox*) dy'd 1
Since perjur'd *Falc'ner* wiſely ſtept aſide 1
Since *Wiltſhire's* Inſurrection broach'd new fears 1
Since the grand ſeiſure of the Cavaliers 1

For the continuing this Ingenuous Chronologie to any time, you need but adde the elapſed years between your propoſed year, and the year 1656. *and 'tis done. Examples are needleſs.*

2. Over

2. *Over the Festivals.*

Why raile we not at superstitious days,
Pull Crosses down, and burn the harmless Bays?
Why do we not inhibit Common-Pray'rs,
And threaten *Bridewel* to the Cock-pit Players?
How can our tender Consciences digest
Organs and Altars, (stand they East or West?)
Plum- broth and Pies (made of Malignant-Paste)
Which erst the Godly would not dare to taste?
And plead Allegiance, now that Fatal Stroke
Hath cut the Chain, and cleft in two the Yoke?
The change is great, and may be well defended:
But 'tis enough to say, The work is ended.

2. *Over the Table of Kings.*

Yet, yet the Regal Table courts the Nation:
Kings are not out of date, though out of fashion.

3. *Under the Table of Kings.*

Two *Williams*, twice four *Henries*, *Stephens* but one;
Three *Richards*, twice three *Edwards*, and a *John*:
One *Mary*, one *Elizabeth*, a *James*, (names]
And *Charles*, [five times five Soveraigns, with ten
Who numbers more, transgresses (out of Reason:)
God save my Cow! and that (I hope)'s no Treason.

4. *Over the Table of Terms.*

The Chancery's reform'd, and ſo are we:
All things enjoy their priſtine Purity.

Under the Table of Terms.

Lawyers ('tis true) like new-ſet Milſtones grinde
Their Rough-ſhod-Clients: yet are they the wind
That drive the ſayles. Who's moſt blame-worthy then,
The Grinding Lawyers, or Litigious Men?
Sare I as Judge, the Lawyers ſhould go free,
Such Clowns on Calthrops, till they could agree.

5. *In January.*

Where our third *Edward* (that Puiſſant King!)
VVas born to conquer *France*, I rudely ſing:
VVhere * Kings have Captives been; that ſtately wall
Confines my Muſe: (for ſin Original.)
Help you that can, or have my verſe excus'd;
That Shepherd poorly Pipes, whoſe Reed is bruis'd.

* *The Author was Priſoner in* Windſor-*Caſtle, when he wrote his this years Ephemeris.*

6. *In March.*

Chronus †, the *Virgin*; *Mars*, the Bull aſcends;
And (by their Trine) aſſure us they are friends.
VVhen boiſt'rous Knaves meet and ſalute each other,
Their common phraſe is, How Devil doſt thou Brother?
The Graver ſort abhor that helliſh note;
Yet (in the fear of God) they'll cut your throat.

† Saturn *and* Mars *this moneth were in Trine Aſpect, from* Virgo *and* Taurus.

7. *In July.*

'Tis falſe to ſay Dog-days (but now) begin,
Since thrice five years have nought but Dog-days bin:
Or that in *England* * *Sirius* biteth not,
Whilſt we have ſuch deep wounds, and days ſo hot:
But *Sirius* quickly ſets (elſewhere to burn)
Then ſhall our Dog-days into HALCYON turn.

* Sirius *is the great Dog-ſtar which in* July *toward the latter end thereof, ariſeth coſmically with the Sun, inflaming the air; whence (from that time, toward the end of* Auguſt, *are termed)* Dog-days.

8. *In September.*

Two haughty Rebels, (yet of heav'nly race)
Invade the *Virgins* Confines: face to face
Diſpute their Title there; but finding none,
(As treſpaſſers) they haſten to be gone:
Concluding *Hermes* for the onely man
That's Heir at Law. But get it how he can.

Theſe Lines deſerve a Comment.

9. *In December.*

Thus *Windſor*'s my *Parnaſſus*, and the Jayl-
Supporting-Cole-hole, (cramm'd with *Mills*'s Ale)
My Well of *Helicon.* How ſhould my Quill
Want quickning, or my Muſe inſpired-skill?
Thanks, honeſt *Luke*: May all thy Ale and Beer
Turn Nectar; run untilted all the year!

Luke Mills *was the Tapſter in* Windſor-Caſtle, *at what time our Author was Priſoner there.*

10. *His Concluſion.*

The time's at hand, *Titan*'s indulg'd by *Jove*,
Crowned with Honours, dreſs'd in Robes of Love:
Away, ye Miſcreant Subjects of Deſpaire,
That dream on Fogs, and think 'twill ne'er be fair!
Shake off your penſive Mantles, waſh down ſorrow;
Phœbus appears, and bids the world Good Morrow!

The

The Clouds do ſcatter, and anon you'll ſee
(What ſhall I ſay ?) An ENGLISH JUBILEE!

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1657. *we ſhall find theſe ſeveral curious Pieces of Wit and Loyalty.*

1. *Under his moveable Feaſts.*

Theſe are the Feſtivals, which every year
Change their poſition in the Kalendar:
The reſt are fixed, till the higher Pow'rs
Vouchſafe t' unfix, and vote them out adoors:
But that's to do: let's therefore yet obey
Our holy Mother, and keep Holy-day.

2. *Under the Table of Kings.*

So have I ſeen 'mongſt the Cœleſtial train
Bright ſtars ariſe, and quickly ſet again:
Other (whoſe Circles greater Arches trace)
Though ſhort in luſtre, run a longer race:
Some wondrous ſwift, ſome ſlower then the reſt;
Yet (one and all) ſtill tending to the Weſt.
Impartial Death doth no compaſſion take;
Cedars and Shrubs promiſcuous Aſhes make.

3. *Under the Table of Terms.*

The Terms commence, conclude ; and yet the ſtrife
Ends not: Contention hath a tedious life:
And (which is worſe) whoere the Conqueſt get,
Gains but a lump of drowzie after-wit.
But O revenge! (he'll that, although he begs)
'Tis ſweeter far, then Muſcadine and Eggs.

4. *In January.*

Bi-fronted *Janus* (th' old Italian King)
Beholds the year tranſact, and entering:
Wiſdom and Prov'dence, are firm props of State;
They ſupport Princes, and make Nations great:
Their ſuffrages ſhall now reſtrain my Pen,
And make me one of the prudential men.

5. *In February.*

Now did the ancient Romans ſacrifice
To *Pluto*, and th' infernal Deities
For their dead Fathers ſouls: Furies were then
The direful Objects of Idol'trous Men:
And 'tis a weakneſs yet (in every head)
To cringe to and indulge the thing we dread.

6. *In March.*

Rome-building *Romulus*, gave this the name,
In honour of God *Mars*, from whom he came
By *Ilia*, thus to perpetuate
The Martial Proweſs of the Roman-State:
This vanity (if ſo I may it call)
Thoſe *Heroes* had; and ſo indeed have all.

7. *In April.*

April's ſo call'd, 'cauſe the Terreſtrial Pores
Are open'd now to drink the pleaſant ſhow'rs:
Fruits, Herbs & Plants, ſprout forth their fragrant Buds,
And cloath all green, the Fertile Fields and Woods.
Flora preſents variety of Graces,
Makes Ladies hide (for ſhame) their painted Faces.

8. *In May.*

May, *à Majoribus*: and what were they?
Great *Jove* was one, who elſe I cannot ſay:
The *Pleiades* and *Hyades* ariſe,
And drench the earth with chaſte Humidities:
May, then *à Madeo*; (it ſoundeth well)
So *Friday-ſtreet*, from butter'd Mackerel.

8. *In June.*

June à Junioribus, (if ſo you'll ha't)
That is to ſay, Chuck-farthing and his Mate:
Or *à Junone*, ('ſave us all !) for ſhe
Was wife to *Jove*, and juſt ſo let it be.
Some *Etymon*, are like the Knight, or worſe;
Who draws his honour from his Fathers purſe.

9. *In July.*

But, *Julius à Julio Cæſare*,
Romes Proto-Monarch, *Pompey*'s enemy:
Th' ingrateful Senate robb'd him not of all,
His name ſurvives their cruelty, his fall.
Pharſalia's freſh in mind, whilſt *Cæſar* here
Triumpheth thus, not once, but every year.

10. *In Auguſt.*

This Moneth *Auguſtus Cæſar* did begin
His Conſulſhip, and thrice triumph'd therein:
Marc-Antony, by force of Arms ſubdu'd,
Brought *Egypt* to the Roman ſervitude.
Therefore the Senate thought it was but juſt
T' exchange *Sextilis Menſis* for *Auguſt.*

11. *In December.*

The Moon's obſcur'd four parts (of twelve) and more,
And ſeen (if th' air be clear) all *England* o'er:
But *Cynthia*'s Labour is, with little pain;
Her throws are eaſie; ſhe's ſoon light again.
Were men-eclipſed but reſtored thus,
We'd trouble no Jayls, nor ſhould Jayls trouble us.

12. *A Concluſion of this years Book.*

But hold! the Preſs hath overtook my Pen,
The Term's at hand, and I ſhall wander then:
My Steed is ready [the grave Pedlars Back,]
My Harbinger [his Dog,] my Inn [the Pack:]
Old *Erra Pater* (that hoof-beaten Jew)
The Shepherds Kalendar, (with all the Crew
Of merry Raſcals) my Companions are:
They deign to ſtile me Fellow-Traveller.
Then Fairs and Markets I muſt duly keep,
And (on the ſtall) make up the dirty heap
Of Penny Ware: where the diſdainful eye
Pores on me two long hours, before he buy:
Whilſt Nobler Judgements purchaſe at firſt ſight,
And ſwear (implicitely) I'm thorough Right.
Yet ſome (although they on me ſeem to doat)
Will not vouchſafe me ev'ry year a Coat;
Whoſe duller Brats I wiſh no leſs forlorn
And naked, twelve months after they are born.
Another, his *Mundungus* (with me) lights,
All, ſave three Pages, where he wiſely writes

When's Mare took Horſe; his Cows th'impatient (Bull;
Or, when himſelf, ſome foul laſcivious Trull.
Yet this, forbids no entries; onely I
Would not be Pander to ſuch Drudgery.
Nor do I grudge the hungry flames a whit;
For, they conſume not, they refine my Wit.
Others behinde them (in Fools Ordure) throw
My injur'd Leaves: they'll ſerve the Bible ſo.
But O th'Exchange! there, *I* endure the Rack,
Such Din is made, with *Wharton's Almanack!*
I can't but Bluſh for ſhame, when *I* do meet
My Name (like Small-Coal) cry'd in ev'ry Street.
Howbe't, *I* thereon ſet the bolder face,
Becauſe, like Fortune have, ev'n Acts of Grace.
And yet, ſome trifling ſhops provoke me moſt;
For, here and there, they nail me to a Poſt:
O cruel hands! but that my patience bears,
It well preſaging what attends their Ears.
Thus pleaſed, or diſpleaſed, I appear,
Servant or Slave, t'all intereſts, once a year.
So let me paſs: and when this Journey's over,
I'll try if better luck I can diſcover.

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1658. *we finde theſe learned and weighty Verſes following.*

1. *Under the Table of Kings.*

Here, and not here, implies a Contradiction,
Reality (you'll ſay) oppos'd to Fiction.

I grant it ſo: and he that asks me, Why?
Muſt know, *I* cannot skill of things too nigh.
He a large Picture, that will judge aright,
Sets it not near him, but aloof his ſight.

Here O. Cromwels *uſurpation and Tyranny, together with his playing Pretences to Juſtice and Honeſty, are Curiouſly, though Anigmatically taxed. He would be a King in* Re, *but not in* Nomine.

2. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Peace makes a pleaſant ſound, well underſtood;
But Diſcord better, whilſt the Peace not good:
I am not of his Humour, did prefer
Th' *Unjuſteſt Peace*, before the *Juſteſt War*.
Admit one rifled, robb'd of all relief:
Muſt he needs patch a Peace up with the Thief?

3. *In January.*

If, wanting wings, one may aſcend the *Skies*,
And *Phœbus* view, without an Eagles eyes,
Then rouze up (Muſe) from thy Lethargique ſtrains,
And (having firſt invok'd the God of Brains)
Let the Grand ſubject of thy Meaſures be,
No ſoul to *England* like a * Monarchy.

* Monarchia, *à* Monos Archon, *the Rule of one Prince.*

4.

4. *In February.*

It is the Image of that Domination,
By which *Jehovah* rules the whole Creation:
Angels nor Saints, do in his Kingdom ſhare;
God is ſole Monarch; they but ſubjects are.
Whoſe Laws are ſuch, as when they did rebel,
Sequeſtred not, but ſent 'em ſtraight to hell.

5. *In March.*

As Old as that Paternal Soveraignty,
God plac'd in *Adam*, rul'd his people by;
Diſown'd of none, but them whoſe minds aſpire,
And envy One ſhould have what all deſire:
For be't a few or many we live under,
Such ſhall repine, ſtill, whilſt not of the number.

6. *In April.*

The Antients did a Monarchy prefer,
Made all their Gods ſubmit to *Jupiter*:
And (when Affairs and Nations firſt began)
Princes Decrees were th' onely Laws of Man:
Experience will avow it, where there's any,
One honeſt man is ſooner found then many.

7. *In May.*

The rational ſoul performs a Princes part,
She Rules the body by Monarchick Art:
Poor Cranes and ſilly Bees (with ſhivering wings)
Obſerve their Leaders, and obey their Kings.
Nature her ſelf diſdains a crowded Throne;
The Body's monſtrous, hath more Heads then one.

8. *In June.*

A Monarchy's that Politick ſimple State,
Conſiſts in unity (inſeparate,
Pure and entire;) A Government that ſtands
When others fall, touch'd but with Levelling hands:
So natural, and with ſuch skill endu'd,
It makes one body of a multitude.

9. *In July.*

In order (wherein latter things depend
On former, that's moſt perfect doth attend
On unity: but this can never be
The Pop'lar State) nor Ariſtocracy:
For, where or all or many bear the ſway,
Such order to confuſion leads the way.

10. *In August.*

A Monarchy more quickly doth attain
The End propos'd: for, 'tis the single Brain
That ripens Counsel, and concealeth best
Princely Designs, till Deeds proclaim 'em blest.
Whilst numerous Heads are rarely of one Mind;
Slow in their Motion; louder then the Wind.

11. *In September.*

Treason, nor Force, so suddainly divides
Th'United strength that in a Crown resides:
Sedition prospers not; it seldom here
Results an Object of the Prince's fear.
Than when an Empire, *Rome* was ne'er more strong,
Nor triumph'd under other Rule so long.

12. *In October.*

A Monarchy abates those fev'rish fits
Of Emulation, a Free-State begets:
A Prince cannot his Reins so quickly slack,
Or throw his Burthen on another's Back.
But where so many Rulers have command,
The work's transfer'd, and toss'd from hand to hand.

13. *In November.*

The People or the Nobles, to debate
The deep Concernments of a troubled-State,
Set times and places have assign'd them: they
First meet, and then adjourn from day to day.
Whereas a Monarch, who by Nature's One,
Deliberates always, never's off his Throne.

14. *In December.*

But hold! Methinks I see the three Estates
Conven'd, thrown open prison-doors and grates,
Extinct our paltry Jealousies and Fears,
Grace offered to all but Cavaliers
And Papists: yet with patience they abound,
In hope for better, now, the wheel goes round.

15. *The Conclusion.*

Thus trace we Time, and (in our several *S*pheres)
*S*lightly pass over ne'er-returning years:
Thus States and Kingdoms to a Period draw;
Their Politicks must yeild to Natures Law.
Thus Kings and Beggars are Companions made,
Shake hands, and knock the Scepter 'gainst the Spade:
Thus Courts and Cottages become one Roof,
And Carts and Chariots meet without reproof:

Thus all the Greatneſs Mortals do contend
And Damne their Souls for, ſlideth to *An End.*

In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum, 1659. *theſe following Pithy and Prophetique Verſes are to be found.*

1. *On the Moons Eclipſe in April.*

Now have amongſt ye, you that ſtand
On ſlippery ground, or build on ſand.
Seditious Spirits play their pranks,
Inundations break the Banks:
Rumours of Wars about us fly,
(Thrice happy Man, dares bravely die)
Inteſtine Tumults, taken Towns,
Beſieged Cities, Princes frowns
Aſtoniſh Us. But I'll to plough,
And never minde what Mad-men do.
Mavors and *Hermes* bear the ſway:
May He, deſerves it, have the day.

In the Month April 1659. *the Rump appear, and put a Period to the Raign of* Richard Cromwel, *and indeed extirpate that Family, whoſe Honour was onely built upon a ſandy Foundation.*

2. *In*

2. *On the Moons Eclipſe in October.*

Quick work and crafty! (He that ſways
In this Defect, brooks no Delays:)
Beware of Pyrates, High-way Thieves,
Dull Hereſies, and Hanging-Sleeves:
Of ſcarcity and dearth of Grain,
VVith uncouth Griefs 'mongſt Cattle reign:
Tempeſtuous VVinds, Quotidian Fevers,
Ptiſicks, and Prieſts that cock their Bevers:
Debates, that into queſtion call
The Peoples Laws; ev'n God's and all.
For *Stilbon*, onely, hath command,
And him alone I underſtand.

On October 6. *Parliament, Council of State, and Officers of the Army, were feaſted at* Grocers-hall *by the City. The* 12 *the Parliament vote* Lambert *and other Officers Commiſſions from them.* 13. *They turn the Parliament out of doors for it.* 26. *The (pretended) Committee of Safety erected. Quere, Was not this* quick work and crafty? &c.

3. *On the* Suns *Eclipſe in* November.

VVhat noiſe is this? methinks I hear
Some dread *Heroe*, drawing near.
A buſie Clergie belching fire;
Some Prince depos'd, and in the mire.
I ſee (by th' light of one fair Star)
VVhole Nations going out to war:
Riſings, Arraignments, ſudden death
And Ruine, ruſhing on the earth:
The Rivers leſſen'd, Fountains dry;
VVaters corrupt, good Subjects die:
For *Mars* is rampant; and what hand
Can turn the Edge of *Burlybrand*?

Lord General Monck, *beholding the Confuſions of* England, *marches*

hither to put a stop to them. The King of Sweden shortly after died; which this Learned Artist must needs mean, by this Eclipse of the Sun.

4. *Under the Regal Table.*

Sacred's the name of King, and full of splendour,
Famous the Title of the *Faiths Defender:*
Yet (when on such the Rabble fix'd their spleen)
Who had regard to Faith, to King or Queen?
But now, (such Comments on the Text they make)
All Mortals must submit for Conscience sake.

5. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Thanks, busie-Term-time! thou bring'st work to do
For Judge, for Council, and Attorney too:
But should'st thou end, and never more Commence,
Lawyers would lose their most voluptuous sence:
The knotty Laws (which now so dear we buy)
Be rated like Bishops Divinity.

6. *Under the Tide-Table.*

The Sea hath fits, much like this giddy age;
Sometimes she pines, anon, she swells with rage,
And makes a rupture, where she overflows
The Fertile Banks, yet never further goes
(Without a Miracle) then Natures bounds:
Or if we think she do, 'tis where some Towns
Encroach upon her interest: For, she
Is full as constant, far more just then we.

7. *In January.*

All hail (my Maſters!) I muſt now implore
Your Ticket, for a twelve moneths recreation:
I know no Plot *, (ſave that, which keeps us poor)
And this of mine, to gain your approbation.
All my deſignes lurk in theſe Rural ſtrains;
My Guts conſpire, indeed, but not my Brains.

* *The Author was ſuſpected privy to, and guilty of, the Plot, in which the Reverend Dr.* Hewyt, *&c. miſcarried.*

8. *In February.*

I honour all that have a Soveraign Pow'r,
Extol their Proweſs (be it more or leſs)
Admire them growing in a golden ſhowre;
Obſerve (but point not at) their vain exceſs.
The Suns defects ſeen in a line direct,
Hurt th' eyes, not when in water they reflect.

9. *In March.*

I pray for Kings, and think't a pious Deed:
Good Princes very well deſerve our pray'rs:
But thereof bad ones ſtand the moſt in need;
For ſuch (be ſure!) do ſtand on ſlippery ſtairs,
And (like to Iron) generate the ruſt,
From their own ſubſtance, turns 'em into duſt.

10. *In April.*

I'm hugely taken with the Golden Train,
(Thoſe lofty ſtars which glide along this Sphere!)
Yet Greatneſs, without Goodneſs, I diſdain;
A ſpungie head full ill becomes a Peer:
Perſons of honour ſhould have Princely parts,
No empty Cock-lofts, or deceitful hearts.

When the Florida *Ambaſſador was in* London, *Col.* Pride *being once at dinner with him, inſtead of propounding a Queſtion like a Statiſt, asked him,* Whether there were not good vent for Beer and Ale in *Florida? whence our Author ſaith,* A Spungie head, *&c.*

11. *In May.*

I reverence Juſtice (on the meaneſt ſeat)
She was a vertue once, though now a wonder:
I like ſweet words (intended not to cheat)
And works of Mercy, not too far aſunder:
But cruelty! how that would make me ſwagger,
Were it not common, both to Sword and Dagger.

12. *In June.*

I love the Miniſtry, all but the name,
(That Motly and promiſcuous Appellation:)
Which mingleth Dung-hill Dirt, with *Auſtin*'s Fame,
(With holy Writ, pretended Revelation)
Give me the Prieſt diſdains to tell a Lye;
That Prieſt, who dare for his Religion die.

13. *In July.*

I like the Comm'nalty (that Sov'raign Pow'r)
Whilſt not to Faction, or Revenge diſpos'd:
But Commons over-ſtinted, or too ſowre,
Are beſt improved, when they are inclos'd.
VVho gives a Giddy-Multitude the Reins,
O'erwhelms the State, betrays his want of Brains.

14. *In Auguſt.*

I own the Camp, where Gallantry commands,
VVhere Arts and Arms, advance their awful Creſts;
But wiſh the Cramp befall ſuch Victors hands,
As cannot conquer their ambitious Breſts.
Succeſs enlarges Mens deſires; nay, more,
It breeds ſome thoughts, they dream'd not on before.

15. *In September.*

I hug the Souldier, dreads no violent end,
(For ſtouteſt men, ſuch fortune often have:)
It is the cauſe, (not mode) of death, ſhall ſend
Us glorious, or inglorious, to the Grave.
He who'll avoid a ſhameful death, muſt run
The danger of a brave one; and 'tis done.

16. *In October.*

I fancie well, our great Metropolis,
She harbours ſtore of Men and ſtore of Riches:
There is no ſounding of that vaſt Abyſs;
What wonder then, if *London* weare the Breeches?
Yet muſt this Darling, now and then, untruſs;
Correction keeps her moſt Obſequious.

17. *In November.*

But O the Country, free from jarring-ſtrife,
(Where Plants and Flow'rs abound with Eloquence;
Where ev'ry Hedge and Tree doth breathe new Life,
Where pratling Birds, do captivate my ſenſe:)
There I (ſequeſtred from the world) abide,
And (if needs muſt) there I'll be crucifi'd.

18. *In December.*

Thus (in an humour purely innocent)
I add one year more, to a careful Age:
No more of this, till freed from my Reſtraint:
I cannot chant (like Birds) within a Cage.
Yet know! I have (although my aim's not high)
Seleucus-like, an Anchor on my thigh.

19. *His Concluſion.*

Thus have our melting eyes, *England* beheld
With ſmooth-fac'd Peace, and wanton Plenty ſwell'd
Into a Monſter; ſo unweildly grown,
Her own vaſt weight, depreſs'd her Princely Crown:
A brutiſh War tore Church and State aſunder,
Fool'd us with fears, fill'd all the world with wonder.
The faireſt Stars, loſing their ſacred light,
And chearful day turn'd into drowzie night:
Th' Antipodes (true Mirrour of the Cauſe!)
Reacted through three Nations, with applauſe:
But *EXIT OLIVER*, whilſt yet we lend
Our Patience, till the PLAY * be at an end.

* *It was the ſaddeſt and moſt diſmal Tragedy that ever was acted in* England.

Laſtly, In Kalendarium Eccleſiaſticum 1660. *We meet with theſe ſeveral excellent and true Verſes: And although they be freſh in each Man's Memory, the Year being but newly begun; yet, they being the works of the ſame Author, I adjudge it convenient to inſert them here, they being not moſt unworthy the company of the reſt.*

1. *Under the Regal Table.*

Where's now the *Sultan?* What remorſleſs Star
Remov'd that famous Idol, *Olivar?*

Un-

Unwelcome Death. But what flint-hearted Fate,
That Muſhrom-Prince, his Son? Our glorious State.
Thus then we ſee what luck Protectors have;
A reſtleſs Life, or ignominious Grave.

2. *Under the Table of Terms.*

Lo! here's a Trade ſurpaſſeth all the reſt,
No change annoys the Lawyers intereſt:
His Tongue buys Lands, builds Houſes without toyl;
The Pen's his Plough, the Parchment is his Soil:
Him, ſtorms diſturb not, nor Militia-Bands;
The Tree roots beſt, that in the weather ſtands.

3. *In January.*

And is He * gone indeed? then farewel He;
Farewel to all our New Nobility:
Good-night Illuſtrioufneſs: adieu old *Joan*;
The Kitchen better fits you, then a throne:
Lay 'ſide your Purple, and your Robes off caſt:
Play'rs are but Princes, while the Play † doth laſt.

* Oliver Cromwel.

† *The Play that prevented* Englands *happineſs, is now moſt happily ended.*

4. *In February.*

About, my Muſe, and try if thou can'ſt find
What pow'rful Charm, rais'd that prodigious * wind:
Some diſ-affected Conjurer (I trow)
Did long to hear what News there was below:
But others think, the Devil was matched ſo,
His breath grew ſhort, and ſo was forc'd to blow.

* *At the death of* Oliver Cromwel, *there was a moſt prodigious Wind; the like hath ſeldome been known in* England.

5. *In March.*

But where be thoſe fine Juglers, did Addreſs
Such ſugred Phraſe, ſuch ſmooth Obſequiouſneſs:
That vow'd to live and die, with *Richard*, yet
Ne'er blemiſht, when they ſaw his glory ſet?
Such Hypocrites, run with the ſtream of things,
And will keep Time, whatever Dance begins.

Moſt Countries in England *ſent up Addreſſes to* Richard Cromwel; *with as much zeal, as if he had been the moſt lawful and undoubted Heir to the Government of* England.

6. *In April.*

O for a Beſom now, to ſweep the Houſe,
And rid the Palace, both of Fox and Gooſe!
Some choice Perfumes withal, would be deſign'd,
(Ill Spirits ever leave ill ſents behind)
And when 'tis cleanſed, and things ſweeter grown,
Great *Berecynthia*'s Sons, go claim your own.

It is obſervable, that the Parliament this moneth give order to warn all Lodgers out of Whitehal, *that it might be prepared the better for his Royal Majeſties uſe.*

7. *In May.*

What's to be done, now, all are grown ſo wiſe,
And our fore-Fathers wiſdom, counted Lies?
Were all the many Ages, that are paſt,
Miſtaken, until this un-erring Laſt?
Good God! how ſped they? ſhall none ſaved be,
But Schiſmaticks? Then what becomes of me?

8. *In June.*

But 'tis the mode: Come, come, let's all comply;
There's no firm footing on integrity:
For, having ſaid, and done all what we can,
The Pliant Willow, is the precious Man:
Whoſe Oaths, of one day, (though of fair pretext)
Vail to an inſpiration, of the next.

9. *In July.*

Down then with Tythes, they are a burthen great,
For which the Parſon never ſoundly ſweat:
Yet let's remember (maugre all new light)
He that detains them, robs God of his right.
And though to him the tenth we ſhould not pay,
The Publicans will ſweep it all away.

10. *In Auguſt.*

Let's lay the Clergy by : what need we Prieſts
Or Miniſters ? w'are all Evangeliſts :
The Bible's Engliſh, (thank the Biſhops for't:)
The Spirit's in us, why not we exhort?
Yet let's beware, before we farther boaſt,
And think who 'twas receiv'd the Holy-Ghoſt.

11. *In September.*

Let's ſell the Church and Colledge-Lands: Away
With humane Learning ; (that's but for a day :)
Down with the Steeple-houſes, melt the Bells,
And own no Metal, but what's in our ſelves.
But ſtay, firſt let us learned *Spelman* read,
And then (perhaps) we may abhor the deed.

12. *In October.*

Let's tear our Ribbons, burn our Richer Laces,
VVear Ruſſet, and contrive bewitched faces :
With Thee and Thou, let us go quack a while,
And cheat the world, in Quakers garb and ſtile.
But do not truſt 'em, more then well befits ;
Th' are Presbyterians run beſides their wits.

13. *In November.*

Or were they not, yet fool not over-faſt;
For this Religion too ſhall flag at laſt:
Naylor himſelf will never for it burn,
Nor let us uſe't but for our preſent turn.
On ſuch ſad Mummers, grace will not be had,
Much longer, then the multitude are mad.

14. *In December.*

But now th' Apoſtates are reſtor'd their wits,
And Plots and Plotters crumbled all to bits;
A bleſſed Reformation will (I hope)
At laſt ſucceed, in ſpite of Turk and Pope:
Till when, and always, let's obſerve the Laws,
And truly celebrate, *The Good Old Cauſe.*

Which Good Old Cauſe, *England is now again* (*by Gods eſpecial Providence*) *bleſſed with; to the great ſatisfaction and rejoycing of the inhabitants thereof; who, by reaſon of their ſufferings in our late twenty years Confuſion, cannot but give their joy the greater Latitude, at this ſo happy, and* (*by many, almoſt*) *unexpected Revolution of Government;* viz. *of turning from* Anarchy, *to the moſt natural of all other Governments,* MONARCHY.

There

There are divers other curious Fancies of this learned Author; but they being more Aſtrological then any that are here mentioned, and not very eaſily underſtood without a large Comment, (except by perſons skilled in that Science) is the grand reaſon why the Collector hath omitted their Publication.

Multa renaſcentur, que jam cecidêre, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus;
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & vis, & norma loquendi.

Horat. de Art. Poet.

FINIS.

A POETICAL
ESSAY.
As an
ARRHA
OF
A Larger Harveſt.

By *G. S.*

——— *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat? ———

LONDON:

Printed for *Daniel White*, at the Seven Stars in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1660.

A POETICAL
ESSAY.

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A Poetical Eſſay.

Liber Loquitur.

TRiſtia principio, poſt hæc celebrare triumphos
Meus eſt; nox olim ſic fuit atra prior,
Poſt tenebraſq; dies: regimur non impare fato;
Gaudia ſuccedant, ſed prævit ante dolor.

Engliſhed thus.

Firſt doleful Ditties, Triumphs then to ſing,
Is mine intent: thus Day the rere doth bring,
Night leads the van: and ſuch is humane fate;
Sadneſs our Joyes oft-times doth antedate.

Upon His MAJESTIE,

CHARLES *the First,*

Being pretendedly judged and condemned by his Subjects.

NOr want his ſufferings their Preſident;
His Bleſſed Pattern in the ſame path went,
Trod the ſame ſteps, won the ſame glorious Crown:
Like villany both to the grave brought down.
Bleſſed Diſciple of a Maſter bleſt!
Both for their people ſuffred, both to reſt
Paſt through a Sea of troubles, ſhed their blood;
Chriſt for his Scholar, he for ſuch who ſtood
In bold defiance of his godlike love:
Chriſt he was born, *Charles* made by him a Dove.
Both like to harmleſs Lambs did ſuffer death:
Two Kings, like theſe, never drew vital breath.
Whoſe parity of paſſion plainly ſhews
That Chriſt and *Charles* were both true Kings of *Jews.*

*Upon Kindle-*Coale *the Dry-vine, who Kindled a fire of inteſtine War in this Kingdom, which flamed out for nigh twenty years, till it had almoſt (with our ſelves) conſumed ſome, and ſorely ſcorched others of our Neighbouring Nations.*

STrange monſtrous whirlwind! is't a Juglers miſt?
Or do I ſee the fiery Alchymiſt
Here acted? is my ſight beguil'd? or how
See I ſo many ſhapes? Legion I trow
Is not broke loote again, and from among (throng
The Tombs now come Churches to haunt, whoſe
Of people ſeem poſſeſt with ſpirits ſtrange.
The fire's fall'n, although tongues do not change.
Had cloven tongues been with the fire joyn'd,
(The fire we ſaw, we heard and felt the wind)
I ſhould have thought the Comforter once more
Had viſibly deſcended as before.
But ſure that bleſſed Spirit ne'er did teach
Such Doctrines which theſe pulpit-thumpers preach.
Or is't the wind and fiery Chariot,
That Rapt *Elijah*? was that fire ſo hot?

That wind ſo great? Oh no: this ſurely then
Is that Rock-rending whirlwind, rais'd by men,
Or rather fiends Incarnate; this the fire
Wherein God was not, but choſe to inſpire
Eliah in a ſoft and ſilent voyce,
Such (had we heard) had made this Land rejoyce:
But we in ſtead of this, had ſons of thunder,
Whoſe firy flaſhes made beholders wonder:
Such guſts and ſtorms did from the pulpit blow,
As made the flouds their banks to overflow,
Head-ſtrong Rebellion down Religion's tide
Swam with ſuch force, that nothing could abide,
But all was hurryed with the furious ſtream:
Ev'n Majeſty it ſelf, that maſter-beam
Was overwhelmed, conſcience wreckt, and loſt,
Loyalty ſplit on Rocks, allegiance toſt
So long upon the waves o'th' ſwelling floud,
Until it ſunk, and buryed lay i'th' mud.
Oaths, vowes, and ſacred Ties, now bind no more
Then ſtrawes; all daſht are 'gainſt the rocky ſhore.
Whence comes this madneſs? how were you miſled,
Once famous Engliſhmen, while to your head
You faithful were, and due obedience gave
To your Liege Lord and King? what made you rave,
To ſuch a height of fury, to forget
Gods Deputy on Earth, by Him there ſet?
Who could acquit you from thoſe ſacred ties
By which you were ingag'd? how duſt you riſe
In arms againſt him unto whom you ſwore
Allegiance? was't not that ſame God, before
Whoſe preſence you made Vows of Loyalty,
Whom you conceive now pleas'd with Perjury?
Poor people! you were gull'd with Pulpit-charms;
'Twas *Curſe yee Meroz* made ye riſe in Arms:

With

With jugling *Peters*, who had learn'd the Art,
To play the Preachers and the Gypsies part.
By spiritual canting, he knew how to call
Your plate (with holy craft) to Goldsmiths-Hall:
Your Spoons and Tankards (from your Cupboards) he
On publick Faith, procures a loan to be.
The work was great, and lest this should not do,
The VVenches Rings, Thimbles, and Bodkins too,
Another Sermon cleanly swept away,
To help on Gods Cause, as the knave did say.
Old *Woolaston*, (that trusty Saint) took care
Of this free-Offering, and carv'd out a share
First to himself, next to his Brethren: all
To taste the bounty of the Saints have call;
The rest he (*Aaron*-like) in mould doth cast,
Hoping to frame a Calfe: but what with haste,
What with deceit (wherewith such Saints are stor'd)
Out comes a Bull, the *Publick Faith*, which gor'd.
Alas poor *Publick Faith!* and is it dead?
May the Bulls Horns grow on the Givers Head.
But since the work is done, methinks I spy
A monstrous change in the Presbytery.
Stout *Boanerges* now begins to whine;
Th' Enthusiast o'ertops the Book-Divine;
The Souldier-rampant in his Pulpit gets,
And while he preacheth, the poor Parson frets.
Good Sir, lay by your anger; did not you,
By Metamorphosis, turn Captain too?
Swagger with sword by side? and in your zeal
Lead forth your Converts, *Zions* wounds to heal?
If Priests turn warlike Leaders, may not these
Turn Priests? 'tis only cake giv'n to your cheese.
But here's the plague, men now so wise are grown,
They know enough, and will no Teachers own:

And since that all can preach, none now would pay
The Parson, but his Tythes would take away.
Doth this displease you? strange! was't not the case
Of Bishops, Deans, and Chapters? you said Grace
Before that meale, which on their Lands was made;
Methinks you justly in your Coin are paid.
If they were Relicks of the Whore, no doubt
But yours are of the same kinde: if the rout
Rais'd by your selves, at last upon you fell,
For shame complain not; y'are rewarded well.
'Tis fit those Pulpits should contemned be,
Which first defiance bid to Majesty:
'Tis fit such Presbyters their Tythes should want,
Which labour'd King and Bishops to supplant.
No Bishops, nor no Tythes, by humane Right;
And *Jus Divinum* is exploded quite.
O times! when Hobnails justle out a Crown;
And Surplice white, is chang'd to crimson Gown;
When to rebel, is judg'd a Saint-like thing;
Who hate conformity, dare kill their King.
But, God be praised, now New lights are found
To be Fools Fires, in a mooriſh ground.
King-killing now let's damne to lowest Hell;
Let not the Classe against the Mitre swell.
Leave crimson Tenets to the crimson Whore;
Let's all at last repent, and *SMEC* no more.

Upon the Death of DENNIS BOND, *who died on that ſtormy Day, the ſame Week the* PROTECTOR *died, who lived four Days after him.*

A Zealot for the Cauſe, liv'd always grac'd,
To right and left, to front and rear he fac'd;
And as times chang'd, he turn'd ſtill: thus his ſtake
He ſav'd, and did of Honour ſtill partake.
To the Kings Murther (*poſt*) conſent he gave;
And then admit'd proud *Hops and Grains* (that Slave!)
Own'd him a Saint, ſaw much of God in's face;
Only his Copper-Noſe did much diſgrace
The Divine Image: yet there's reaſon why
Dennis with *Oliver* ſhould thus comply.
Both Saints alike, and Rebels, th' one in grain,
Moſt ſtain'd with blood, but Traytors both remain.
Nol's Actor, *Dennis* ſtands Abettor by;
Their Soveraigns Life, the Touchſtone both to try.
He owns the Murther, th' other cries *Amen*;
It is a Query which was worſt: for when
He pawn'd his ſoul, this laid his *Bond* at ſtake,
A praiſe-deſerving Action this to make
Clear as the Sun, and do appoint their day,
Ten years (bating few months) this game to play.

Thus

Thus *Noll* went formoſt, nor did *Bond* diſclaim
The Fact, but gives it a religious name:
And firmly is reſolv'd to juſtifie
That Law and Court which judg'd King *Charles* to die.
Pluto takes up the wager, and makes ſhew
Of paints and varniſhes both old and new,
To give a gloſs to villany, but asks
(In caſe that neither ſhould perform their tasks)
Noll's foul, and will have *Dennis* in the *Bond*,
The time prefixed not to ſlip beyond;
But on the forfeit, ſeizure ſhould be given.
This notwithſtanding, both make ſure of Heaven.
The time's elaps'd, the wager loſt: what now?
Both would forget their Lay, but 'twill not do:
For *Pluto* boldly comes, and makes demand,
Th' affrighted Gameſters both amazed ſtand.
Fain would they finde Evaſions; but he brings
Clear Evidence 'gainſt Murther black of Kings:
For proof, he calls the beſt and worſt of men;
Firſt, Saints in Bliſs; damn'd Powder-Traytors then:
The former, doom this Fact to loweſt Hell;
The latter (now in wo) judge they did well;
If you compare theſe new Saints bloody Fact,
VVhich they before the Sun did boldly act,
VVith their bare plotted Treaſon, nipt i'th' bud,
VVhile theſe all o'er are dipt in ſacred Blood.
Shall our Intentions reap untimely death?
(By ſhame more bitter made) and theſe draw breath
Till Fate ſurprize them with a ſilent ſtroak?
Shall we (poor wretches) be with ſulph'rous ſmoak
Tormented ever? and ſhall theſe finde bliſs?
Shall horrid Facts meet Joys, which Plots did miſs?
'Tis ſtrange, if true; Heavens Juſtice it forbids.
Thus ſpake theſe damned Souls, when ſtrait amids

Fear

Fear and Despair, proud *Noll* 'gins gaspe for breath,
To yeild his loath'd soul to a curs'ed death.
In blustering storms the hellish Fiend attends,
While he in prayer some few minutes spends.
Pardon he begs not, lying in despair;
Some respite to obtain, is all his care.
Nor having hope in God, to *Pluto* he
Doth thus Address himself: Oh pity me!
Great Lord of the Infernal Commonwealth,
Or else I am undone, who in my health
Took care for nothing, but my Sons to fix
I'th' seat of Soveraignty (Oh curs'ed tricks!
By which I did this project bring about
Thus far) my stinking snuff if you put out,
Before I can accomplish this intent,
Loss must to you redound: for I have sent
(I boldly can affirm) more to your Court,
Then twenty lawful Kings: you know my sport:
Great *Lucifer!* in blood was my delight,
Unbowel'd carcasses much pleas'd my sight;
Whose Bodies scap'd me, I destroy'd their Souls,
So much as in me lay: the Muster-Rolls
Of my Trepanners, Spies and Instruments!
This Art insnares my Foes, my fall prevents.
What did I say? Prevents? Oh no, I lie;
I am beyond help fal'n, if now I die.
Have pity (gentle *Pluto*) I you pray;
Release I beg not, onely longer day:
And 'tis but four dayes respite which I crave,
Mean while, my *Bond* most willingly you have:
Take him, and use him, as my self you'd use;
And four days hence, to come I'll not refuse.
Satan proves good to's servant, and accepts
This at the present, nor himself expects

Until

Until the day prefixt. Now all his care
Is, to seat *Richard* in his vacant Chair.
But had you seen how *Dennis* lay amaz'd,
And on him *Pluto* how he staring gaz'd;
With pity it had made you laugh, to see
A strong-confiding Saint thus couzen'd be.
With strecht-out arms aloft he strives to go,
But *Pluto* soon another way doth show:
This is our present path; fear not, 'tis broad,
Noll's Privy Council all may ride this road
Abrest, with all the Judges of the King,
And the whole train which they with them shall bring:
No fear of crowding; therefore courage, man;
You'll have a jolly Crew, and now and than
Some of your fellow-Rebells you will see
Come dropping in, till none remaining be.
Discoursing thus, they did approach that Lake,
At sight whereof, *Dennis* began to quake;
Yet did so strong of Modern Saintship smell,
That he was taken for a Saint in Hell.
In cloyster'd Cells he hears some roar and swear,
And zealously entreats them to forbear.
One hearing him reprove with such a grace,
Cries, Cursed Caytiff! well I know thy face,
Who stand'st condemned there for Perjury,
Schisme, Sedition, and base Treachery.
Thou, who a Rebell labourd'st to advance
Unto his SOVERAIGN's Seat, how comes this chance,
That thou (Arch-Traytor!) dar'st for Oaths (here sworn)
Reprove? anon thou'lt curse, thou wretch forlorn!
Beelzebub hears this chat, and in he comes;
Enquires his guest, and shews him choice of rooms.

'Tis

'Tis plaguy hot (quoth *Bond*) Oh hold! I die!
Fear not (ſaith *Beelzebub*) you'll only frie:
This room's for Saint-like Rebells, chiefly thoſe,
VVhen Kings are murdered, who their Crowns diſpoſe.
Come, ſtir the fire (ſome idle fiend) he cries.
I've too much heat already, *Bond* replies.
The flame increaſing, *Dennis* curſt and ſwore,
VVho (Saint-like) could not brook an Oath before.
He yell'd, and ſhriek'd, and vow'd, in bitter pain,
To come in *Bond* for never a Rogue again.

Upon

SIMEON *and* LEVI's

Bond of Fraternitie:

OR,

AN ESSAY

Upon

The Scotch COVENANT.

PRodigious noise! far more prodigious sight!
Bless me! what is the matter? this would fright
A Champion himself; a man would swear
That Hell were now broke loose, and coming here.
Fetch me some holy water; in a Ring
Encircle me about; a Crosier bring.
What horrid thunderclaps I hear! Sure *Jove*,
Armed therewith, is coming from above.
The show, more ghastly, seems to represent
Lucifer with his Train; a sulph'rous scent
Attends them: Thunder makes their way I trow;
B'elzebub now makes holy-day: this show

So

So ſtrange, ſo frightful, that the like before
I never ſaw, and hope ſhall never more.
But hold, the wonder's over: now I ſee
The ground of this uncouth Solemnitie.
And is it poſſible? this doth amaze
My trembling heart, that this ſhould be the cauſe
Of ſuch infernal Triumph; Heav'n defend
England and Engliſh-men! thrice curſed Fiend!
VVho did invent this execrable ſnare,
Good men for to intrap; while wretches dare
Take it (*Sans* ſcruple) and with no leſs eaſe
Break it, and dally with it as they pleaſe.
This day the *Solemn League* firſt ſaw the light,
That *Caledonian* Imp: *Lucifer* bright,
Incubus-like, the Scotiſh Kirk beſtrid,
So got this Brat; which carefully he did
Afterwards nouriſh, till it luſty grew;
And of it then he did make publick ſhew.
Beelzebub he play'd the Man-midwife's part,
And laid the groaning Kirk with muckle art,
That, though this Brat abortive prov'd, and came
Before full time, yet liv'd, and had the name
Of the moſt *Solemn League and Covenant.*
Now nothing elſe but Godfathers they want;
England and *Ireland* perſwaded were
T'accept this honour; but it coſt them dear.
In the remembrance of whoſe birth, each year
This ſolemn ſhow is celebrated here:
Pluto this day obſerves a Feſtival,
His Courtiers revel, others great and ſmall,
Throughout his Kingdom, yearly thus do rant
Upon the birth-day of the *Covenant.*
O *Solemn League!* whoſe Sire's ſo great a King!
If all th'infernal Rabble *Io* ſing,

In

In celebration of thy famous birth,
That their loud ſhouts do thus reſound on earth;
Let no man marvel, if I take ſome pain,
A little knowledge thereof to obtain.
I view'd it carefully as it did paſs;
I ſaw its ſhape, though knew not what it was.
But now, on ſecond thoughts, I ſhall pourtray
This famous Bugbear, ſo far as I may.
'Tis like the dreadful *Polyphemus* Den,
That fearful one-ey'd Monſter, who on Men
Gorgeth himſelf; his Gueſts who doth devour,
Not ſparing any that's within his power;
And 'tis the mildeſt fate which doth befal
His friends, he them devours laſt of all.
This is the [*tertium quid*] which reconciles
Prodigious differing Sects; though each reviles
And hates the other; herein all agree;
The *Solemn League* brings them to Unitie.
The true Diſtinction is the *Covenant*,
Betwixt the Sectary and Proteſtant.
This is the *Shibboleth* to know them; one
Makes conſcience of an Oath, the other none:
One having ſworn, religiouſly ſtands ti'd;
The other twenty Oaths can take beſide;
Allegiance and Supremacie can ſwear,
Yet take the *Cov'nant* without any fear.
This Dance was led by the Presbytery,
And cloſely follow'd by the Sectary.
The *Solemn League* ſeems like that brand of fire
Betwixt two Foxes tayls, who can conſpire
In miſchief, though their heads look ſeveral ways:
Thus Sects unite, when each the Devil plays.
Herod and *Pilate* quickly were made Friends,
While Chriſt with ſcorn one to the other ſends.

It doth resemble theevish *Cacus* Cave,
To which he drew his Oxen; or the grave
Of snakie-headed *Typhon*, whose last breath
Fired the Mountain *Ætna* at his death:
It's like the Lions all-devouring Den,
To which all footsteps led; but back agen
None could be found returning. But pronounce
The *Covenant*, 'tis not the *Libyan* Ounce,
Nor the *Arabian* Panther's half so fierce;
This through the Body to the Soul can pierce;
And like th' inchaunted Bulls, which none can tame,
Doth at its nostrils break forth smoak and flame.
The *Trojan* Horse, enclosing armed Men;
Or roaring Lion new rouz'd from his Den,
Could not the object prove of so great fear:
Better to meet the fiercest Northern Bear
Rob'd of her VVhelps, then in the claws to fall
O'th' Solemn League, which far surpasseth all.
This is the *Babel* of the Sectaries,
VVhich they intend shall over-top the Skies:
But as the number, so their Sects increase,
Untill Confusion cause that work to cease:
Turn the Sectarians over, and you'll find
Scarce any four, concurring in one mind;
This doth resemble that Gygantick VVar,
VVag'd against Heaven, when men rag'd so far;
The Gods themselves most proudly to defie,
Pelion on *Ossa* heap't, t' approach the Skie.
Till *Typhon* burnt with lightning from above,
And strook with Thunder from Vindictive *Jove*,
To wash his wounds, unto the River went,
VVhich such infected sulphrous odor sent,
Into the water, with his dropping blood,
As poyson'd all the streams o'th' cristal flood.

Nor *Ætna*, nor *Vesuvius* throw out
More coals, vomit more flames, nor round about
Disgorge more ashes, cinders, burning stones,
Then doth the *Solemn League*: who takes it once,
Take him and wash him at the head of *Thame*
Or *Isis*, and so far as *Thames* its name.
Descends, he will rebellious poyson send
From beyond *Oxford*, down below *Gravesend*.
Name but the *Covenant*, and you have spoke
Thunder and Lightnings, Earth-quakes, Flames and (Smoak,
Rebellion, Schisme, Murther in that *League*
Lie couch'd, as doth a Chicken in an Egge;
VVhich being hatch'd under a Sectary,
Out comes a *Hydra* straight of Villany.
Had I the *Cov'nant* here, scarce durst I read
Two lines, nor further on my life proceed,
Unless I were within a Circle hem'd.
'Twere a fit Neck-verse for a Thief condemn'd;
The bare pronouncing it, such Fiends would call,
As would spectators fright, hangman and all.
It's *Gorgons* Visage, and *Medusa's* Head:
The sight of it 's enough to strike one dead.
All the beholders brests it turns to stone:
Another *Circe*, whose infernal tone,
By haggish Spells, men can transmute to beasts:
A fierce *Hyæna*, which loves humane Feasts.
Th' *Ægyptian* Crocodile, to this compar'd,
Is like a harmless Lizard: t' hath ensnar'd,
Kill'd and devour'd, ruined and destroy'd
More then that poysonous Dragon which annoy'd
The *Babylonish* Confines, and did wast
The Country, by that Venom which he cast;
Whole Towns and Villages his poys'nous breath
Consum'd; nor prov'd less fatal after death.

(So

(So great a ſtench his rotting carcaſs made,
Which by no Antidote could be allay'd.)
Thus from th' expiring *Covenant* did ſpring
That curſt *Engagement* which renounc'd our King.
It's a myſterious hidden villany,
Treaſon in ambuſh, Pimp to Perjury:
Gods Name abus'd, the Devil to conjure:
Hypocriſie, which can the Rack endure,
Without diſcovery: 'tis the Nut of Vice
In Vertues Shell: Satan in Paradice.
It is a ravening Wolf in ſheep-skin clad:
A Necromantick Charm, of Scripture made:
Borgia's Precepts of true Piety;
And tender-hearted *Tereus* Leiturgy:
Machiavil's grounds play'd in Diviſion:
The ſecret Character of *Babylon*.
'Tis her myſterious Name ſpel'd out at length:
'Tis Death's (like *Sampſon*'s) ſecret lock of ſtrength:
The Devil wrought, by curious Chymiſtry,
To an *Elixir*, to make thouſands by.
The many-headed Antichriſtian-Beaſt,
With names of Blaſphemy upon his breſt:
Judas hayl Maſter, with his loving Kiſs:
The brazen Bull of cruel *Phalaris*.
(All gueſts to fit) *Procuſtes* Iron bed,
By ſtretching joynts, or chopping off the head.
Whatever I have ſaid, deſcribes it not;
But like as Hell is fanci'd fiery hot,
Th'eternal Manſions of damned Sprites,
As we pourtray, by that which us affrights;
Juſt ſo the *Covenant* do I expreſs,
By likening it to the pit bottomleſs;
Or to the Locuſts which thence did ariſe
With dreadful Strings: Or to the fatal eyes

Of that Serpentine Monſter, which can ſlay
Only by ſight: yet ſtill, whate'er I ſay,
Ten thouſand times comes ſhort of that degree
Of helliſh Venom and Malignitie
VVhich in the *Solemn League* by proof is found,
That Scotch-born Peſt, nouriſh'd in Engliſh ground;
VVhich hath devour'd alike both beaſts and men,
Lands, Houſes, Churches, Caſtles: ſurely when
Griſly *Abaddon* with Deſtruction met,
That Sire and Damme this Goblin did beget:
Which to the life t' expreſs, doth paſs my Skill,
Puzzles my Fancie, and out-dares my Quill:
For beyond all that I can think or ſay,
It is Great *Beezebub's* ET CÆTERA.

UPON

The Deteſtable LIFE,

And Accurſed DEATH

OF

OLIVER,

Lord PRO-TRAYTOR

OF

England, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, with the Dominions thereto appertaining.

HOw many wonders centre here in one!
Well may we call him *Wonder*'s *Legion*.
He's Prodigies in groſs, a wholeſale Pack
Of ſtrange Portents: Amazements Almanack.

To think what first he was, to what he grew,
Would startle Faith, and non-plus Reason too.
No doubt but future Ages will suspect
His Story; yea, had we not seen th' effect,
No Rhetorick could win us to believe:
Nay we might doubt our eyes did us deceive,
But that we also felt, as well as saw
The weighty load of his imperious Law.
God bless me! when I look on him, I fear,
As if some dreadful Comet did appear.
More frightful never was that blazing Star,
Whose flaming Tayl struck terrour near and far:
Nor could a flying Dragon scare me more;
Nor Thunderclaps which over head do roar;
Nor yet that rending Thunderbolt, which falls
Mingled with blasting Lightenings Fire-balls
Such trembling horrour and amazement bring,
As that Vile Monster, who destroy'd his King.
What, is he dead? No, no; it cannot be:
Can *Lucifer* taste of Mortalitie?
Rather the time expir'd he here should dwell,
And hence he went to play his pranks in hell.
Who can imagine him of mortal breed?
Hell's Off-spring onely durst act such a Deed.
His Nose betray'd his Lin'age, and did show
His Pedegree: th'infernal fire below,
(As in a Landskip) there was set to view,
VVhose frequent Pimples seem'd a Damned Crew.

Thus

Thus Hell was repreſented in his face,
Himſelf the Divell acted with ſuch grace,
Who ſaw him, took the Actor for the ſame;
Thus he and Satan differ'd but in name.
Some think an *Incubus* his Mother preſt,
And while ſhe bred him, ſay ſhe was poſſeſt:
Nor is't improbable: for that old Hagge
Prov'd afterwards his Oracle, would bragge
Much of her cunning, and (ſome ſay) would tell
Of ſecret whiſpers in a private Cell:
No ſooner was a Health drunk to his Noſe,
But ſhe as quickly could and did diſcloſe:
Yet let his Sire be what he will, we know,
That *Lucifer* he oft-times did out-do.
Some call him *Jeroboam*, and pourtray
Him and a ghaſtly Goblin, both one way
Turning blinde Fortune's VVheel, to get a Crown,
Though *Oliver* put *Jeroboam* down.
He was to him a Saint; two Calves of Gold,
Although he made, his Crown thereby to hold;
Yet openly rebell'd, ſeem'd what he was:
But *Cromwel*, in the dark, unſeen did paſs
Step after ſtep, with gilded Perjury,
And with the moſt refin'd Hypocriſie.
All *Jeroboam*'s ſins he did commit,
And far out-ſtrip'd him: he a Kingdom ſplit,
Rent it in twain, but not to pieces broke;
Forſook his King, but not with fatal ſtroke;

Murther'd him at his door, nor was ingag'd,
To *Rehoboam*; rather was inrag'd
Against him, for his fathers sake, who sought
His life, but he by flight his safety wrought.
This villain, to the death his King pursu'd,
More fierce, then fiercest Tyger; he inbru'd
His hands in Sacred blood, which to defend,
Oft he had sworn: did the whole Kingdom rend
From his Successor. *Jeroboam* left
Two Tribes to *Davids* Son: *Cromwel* bereft
His Sov'rains heir, not only of his Crown,
But all his friends most proudly trampled down,
Rob'd him of all the comforts of his life,
And drew against him his blood-thirsty knife.
Instead of Golden Calves to be ador'd,
This daring *English* rebel well was stor'd
With monstrous heresies, which vented were
Without controul: all found protection here;
Old darkness was esteem'd both light, and new,
Religions all were free, except the true.
Oh! what a Zealous Sycophantick gang,
Hosanna sung? what new Sects daily sprang?
The vilest *Jeroboam* chose for Priests,
Cromwel at this was expert, and suppress
All that were ablest: who durst not comply
With his designs, were with contempt cast by

Thus

Thus ſects with us, like the *Egyptian* ſwarms,
With humming muſick dance to *Cromwels* charmes.
So that if now I ſhould his name deviſe,
He ſhould be *Beelzebub*, the Lord of flies.
Old *Holofernes* one was pleas'd to call
This rebel, but beneath the mark did fall;
And yet did very well, he level ſhot,
Aim'd at the white, although he hit it not.
For that great Captain at his Kings command
Led forth an hoaſt, fell by a womans hand:
This monſter roſe in arms againſt his King,
And ſlighting vows, to publick death did bring:
Nor would when ſummon'd, unto death ſubmit,
But ſturdily ſtrove to abate its writ;
Till *Lucifer* in bluſtring ſtorms did come
To raviſh him perforce unto his doom.
Then did he yell, & howl, blaſpheme &, rave,
And four days reſpite humbly beg'd to have:
Then! then! this wretch unto his place did go,
There to eternity to ſuffer wo.
Old *Holofernes*, his Kings foes ſubdu'd;
To ſuch who did ſubmit, he mercy ſhew'd:
Cromwel both King, and all his friends brought under;
His native Country he did rod and, plunder.

Jeruſa-

Jeruſalem by force one did aſſault
(*Vaux*-like) th'other in a ſecret vault,
By ſecret practiſes knew to delude,
And brought his Maſters into ſervitude.
Better his own vile name then other may
His more accurſed qualities pourtray.
Henceforth let it ſerve for a Magick ſpell,
A ſpirit rais'd, back to remand to hell.
And as a Bugbear froward children ſtills,
The trembling *Scots* his name with horror fills.
Dunbar, and *Worſter*, fatal Proofes they found
How well the Cov'nant, thriv'd in *Engliſh* ground,
Our Covenanters learn'd to ſlay their King,
And on her knees their Kirke old *Nol* did bring.
He, to their grief, taught them, and made them feel
Their League was to be purg'd away with ſteel.
Now fie upon him, Loon! the Kirke did cry,
The League was gud; he took it wickedly:
To riſe in Arms our Covenant allows,
To root out Prelacy; nor do our vows
Forbid to ſell our King; this doth agree
Both with our League, and Presbyterie;

The *Egyptian* Cavaleers while we kept under,
This was but Chriſtian like! 'twas godly plunder,
But *Simeon* and *Levi* to fall out,
Brethren each other to aſſault and rout,
Oh! this is wicked, this goes very nigh,
And argues little Chriſtianity.
Peace, Brethren, peace, quoth *Cromwel*, you have got
The day of treacherous *Iſcariot*.
His thirty peeces, he brought back, had you,
By ſuch an action ſhown repentance true,
I had forborn, who now come for that end,
To fetch that back, which you are loth to ſend.
O Son of *Lucifer*! how didſt thou riſe
From Dunghil to the Throne? who did deviſe
Thoſe villanies which thou didſt execute?
How of a Saint gott'ſt thou the firſt repute?
Did thy religion? every man doth know,
Long thou hadſt none, nor ever but a ſhow:
To quaff a Can, boldly to court a Laſs,
This, this, was thy Religion, till alas!
Thy credit loſt, and all thy money ſpent,
There was no other way, but to repent;
And by Repentance, as the Proverb goes,
From an old Devil, a young Saint aroſe:
For his Profeſſion ſerv'd but as a Cloak;
His Zeal no fire had, but onely ſmoak.

The Scriptures, like Decoyes, he did abuſe,
To cover foul Deſignes with Saint-like ſhews:
Could preach and pray, had learn'd to uſe the Tone
Of ſnuffling Goſpellers, who can bemoan
Themſelves to God, with necks drawn quite awry,
Eyes turned up, hands lifted to the Skie,
Making moſt tedious hems and hums, when they
In Zealous Non-ſence have quite loſt their way.
A Text of holy Writ, he by his Art,
Could quite knock out of joynt, and ſay by heart,
Many affected Phraſes; he could run
Canting Diviſion, and preach down the Sun;
But ſtill his Uſes he did moſt apply
To beat down Antichriſtian Prelacie.
This Doctrine pleas'd; thus by degrees he came,
His King with Pulpit-ſcandals to defame;
Taxt firſt his Council, and then roſe in Arms;
Deludes the Soldiery with preaching Charms:
And thus, by ſhew of Godlineſs, he crept
Unſeen, into the Throne until he ſtept.
By hidden motions, Fox-like, he did clime;
Rul'd like a ſavage Wolf, until the time
Of our Deliv'rance from his Tyranny
Was come, when God did hear poor *England*'s Cry.

Re-

Remov'd this Monſter, whoſe far unlike Son
Loſt like a Fool, what the old Knave had won.
O that the Devil had let looſe his Soul,
(At leaſt a few dayes) on his bare Parol,
To've ſeen theſe Changes! there's no doubt but he
Would rather chuſe in hotteſt flames to be,
Then this heart-rending-ſight t'endure: there lie,
Thou SON OF PRIDE! and never dying, die!
There of thy Treaſons, reap the due Reward,
No torment Hell affords, let now be ſpar'd.
For ever gnaſh, thoſe Vipers teeth, and let
Hell (like that burning Furnace) once be heat
Sev'n times beyond its wont, to entertain
Thee (matchleſs Rebel) and whilſt thou in pain
Do'ſt roar, For joy of thy thrice happy death,
We with loud Shouts will rend the very Earth.

John Newnham

FINIS.